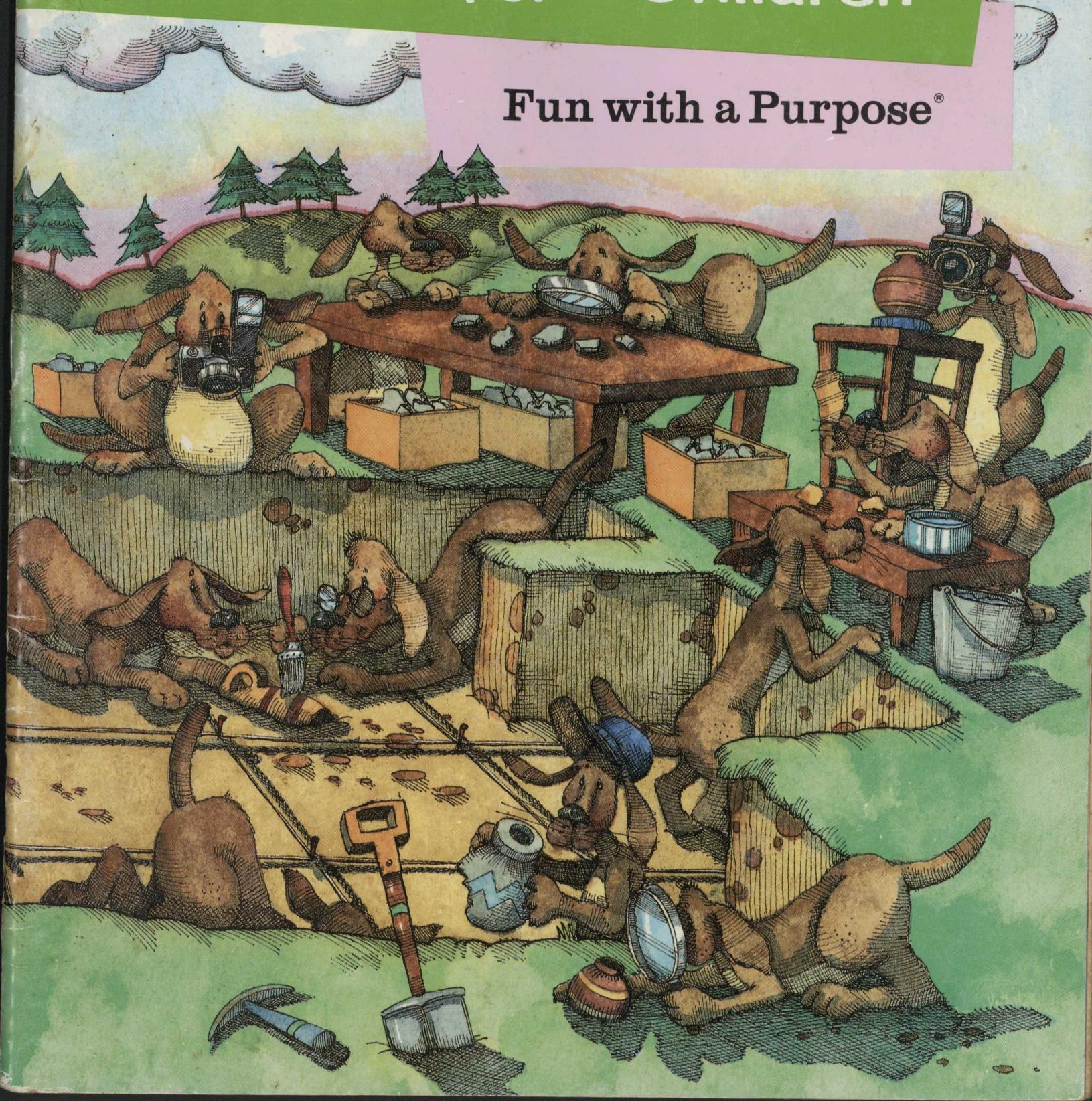


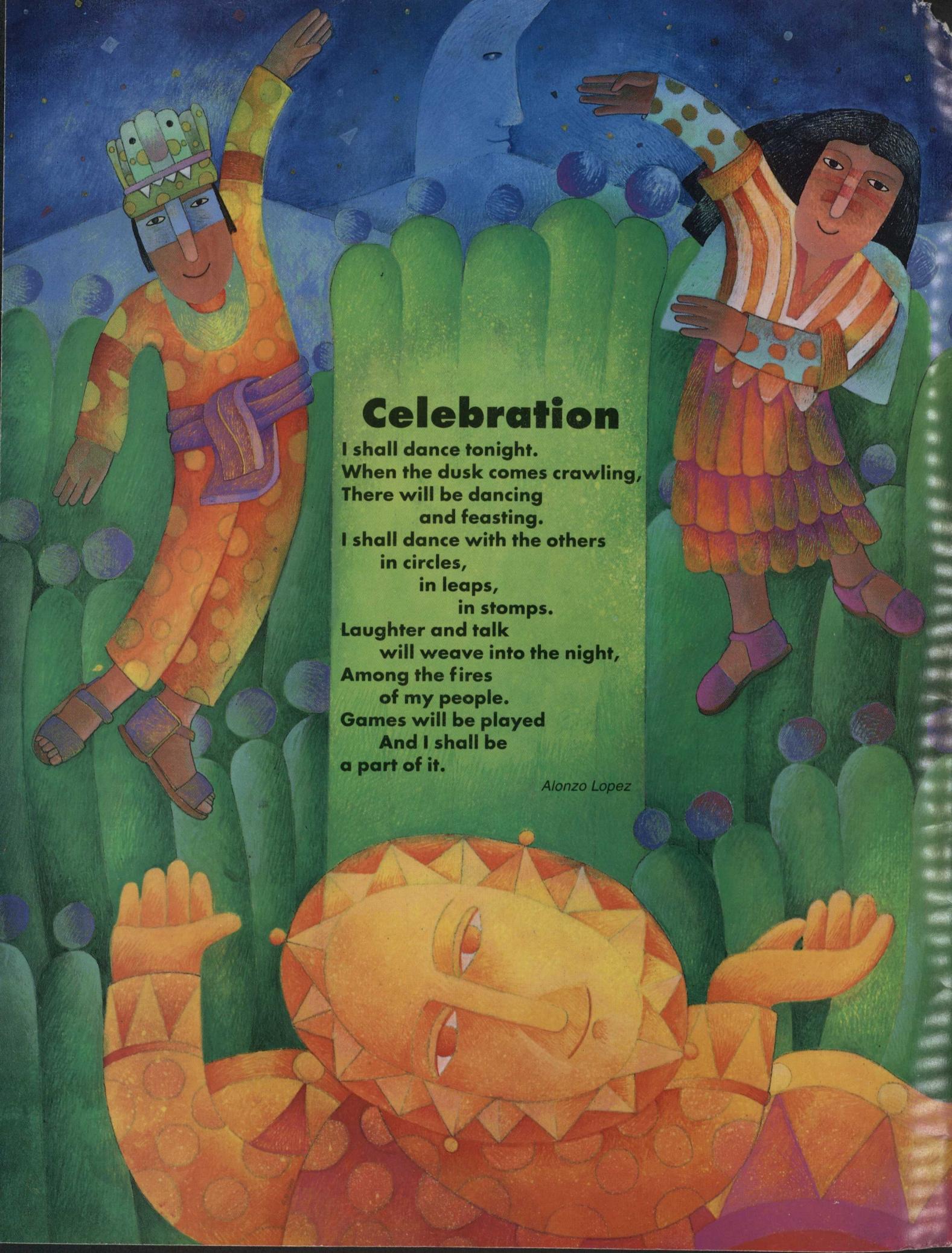
Highlights

for Children®

SEPTEMBER 1993

Fun with a Purpose®





Celebration

I shall dance tonight.
When the dusk comes crawling,
There will be dancing
and feasting.
I shall dance with the others
in circles,
in leaps,
in stomps.
Laughter and talk
will weave into the night,
Among the fires
of my people.
Games will be played
And I shall be
a part of it.

Alonzo Lopez



Highlights for Children®

SEPTEMBER 1993 VOLUME 48 • NUMBER 8 • ISSUE NO. 503

SPECIAL TO THIS ISSUE

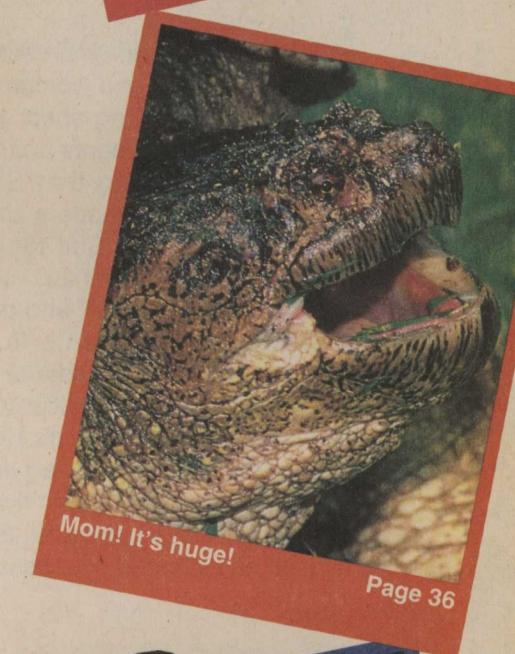
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The race is slipping
away. Page 40



PARENT-TEACHER GUIDE

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▲ CREATIVE THINKING ● MORAL VALUES

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is dedicated to helping children grow,
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From the Editor

When we read of sports champions, music virtuosos, splendid writers, other people of great achievement, we often learn they had a favorite, a hero, who inspired them at an early age.

HIGHLIGHTS has consistently presented worthy people our readers might take as role models, men and women who share the traits of dedication and willingness to work hard. The sheer power of their desire brought them to success despite disappointments and trials.

It is especially gratifying that Sid Quinn, a longtime contributor to HIGHLIGHTS, should tell our readers about the artist who inspired him (pages 16-17). Charles Livingston Bull took time to answer young Sid's letter. Perhaps no other single event had more impact on Sid's career.

Of course Sid Quinn studied and practiced to develop his talent, and the range of his accomplishments is immense: illustrations for books, magazines, and brochures, wonderful watercolor landscapes.

Sid began contributing to HIGHLIGHTS more than forty years ago. He illustrated Sammy Spivens from 1965 to 1978, has drawn Goofus and Gallant since 1980, and succeeded John Gee in creating the Timbertoes in 1978. All told, he's done more than five hundred illustrations for us.

I'm grateful to Charles Livingston Bull for inspiring Sid. And I like to think that Sid himself has inspired countless young artists.

Kent L. Brown Jr.
Editor

AWARDS Highlights for Children has been given awards by the Educational Press Association of America, Freedoms Foundation, Graphic Arts Association, Magazine Design and Production, National Association for Gifted Children, National Conference of Christians and Jews, National Safety Council, Printing Industry Association.



Covers: The Bloodhound Dig and What's Wrong? by Lane Yerkes

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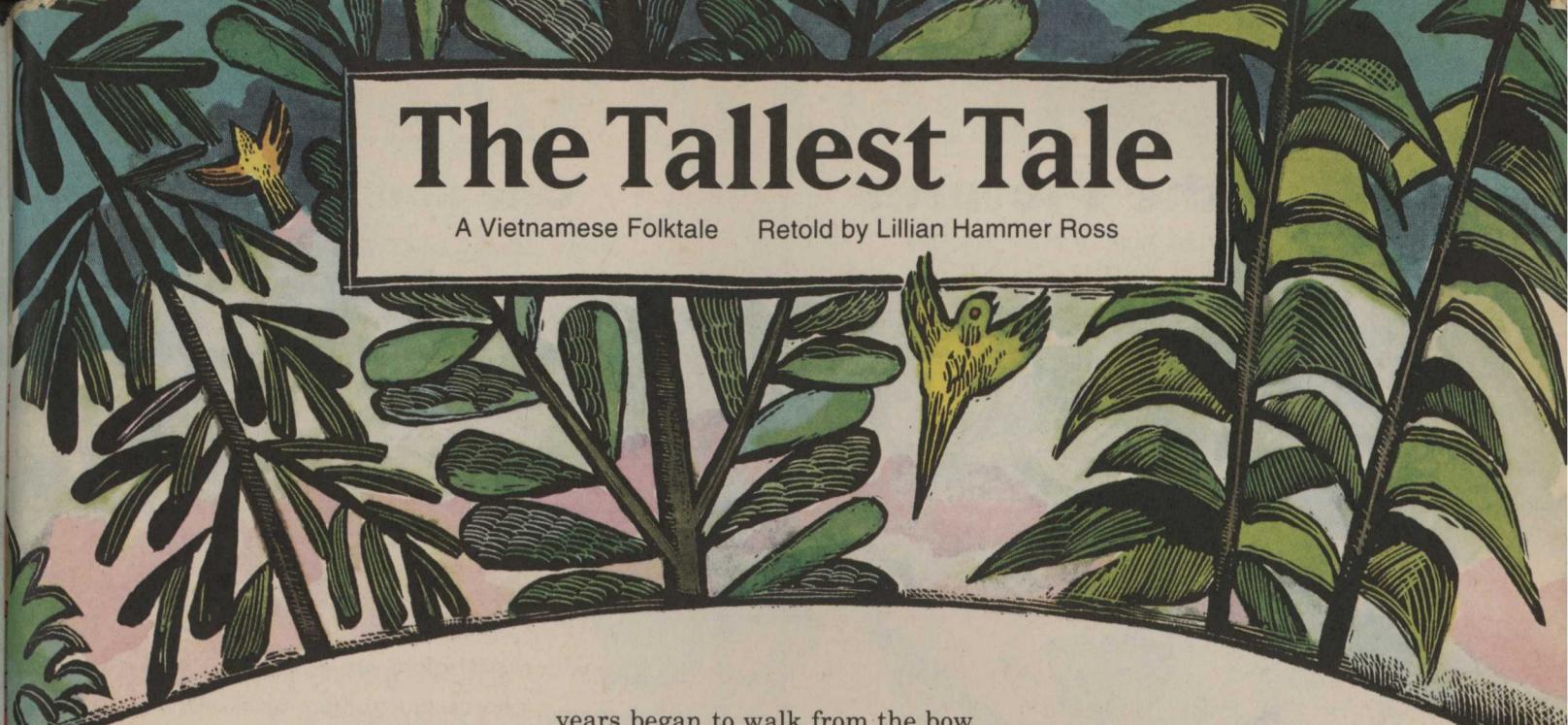
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The Tallest Tale

A Vietnamese Folktale Retold by Lillian Hammer Ross



Mr. Kinh returned to his native village after many years of travel. He had changed. He was older.

The village had changed. It was older. Mr. Kinh's friend, Mr. Sanh, had changed, too.

The two men greeted each other. Mr. Sanh said, "You have been away from Vietnam a long time, old friend. What were your adventures? What did you see?"

Mr. Kinh thought and thought and then spoke. "I sailed on a great ship. The ship was so long, I could not measure it. A young boy of seven

years began to walk from the bow of the ship. He walked and he walked and he walked until he reached the giant mast. It took so many years to walk that great ship, his hair turned white and his beard grew long. Before he could reach the stern, he died of old age."

Mr. Sanh listened. He nodded in quiet thought.

Mr. Kinh bowed. He asked, "Old friend, while I was on that great ship, what did you see? What were your adventures?"

Mr. Sanh smiled. "While you were on that great ship, I walked through

a vast forest. The trees were so tall that if you stood beneath them you would not see the sky. The birds that wished to nest in those tall, tall trees flew higher and higher and higher. After they had flown for ten years, the birds reached the tops of the trees."

"That is a terrible lie!" shouted Mr. Kinh. "How can such trees be possible?"

Mr. Sanh bowed. After several minutes, he spoke. "Please, my friend, if it is not the truth, where would one find a giant mast for the great ship that you sailed upon?"



Illustrated by Allan Eitzen

Everyone wins!

A Gaggle of Games

By Geraldine Wagner

Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these pictures at another place in this book?



One and Two

Many mouses are called mice.
Many gooses are called geese.
But never call two houses hice,
And never call two mooses meese.

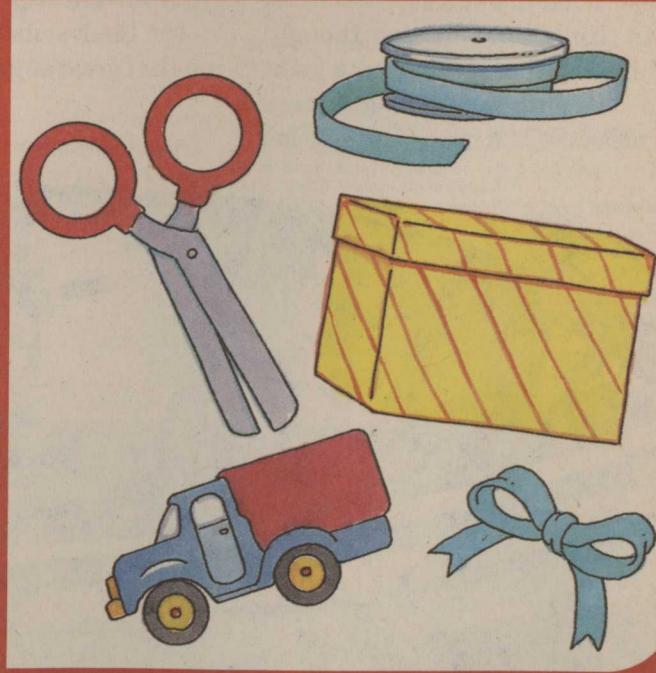
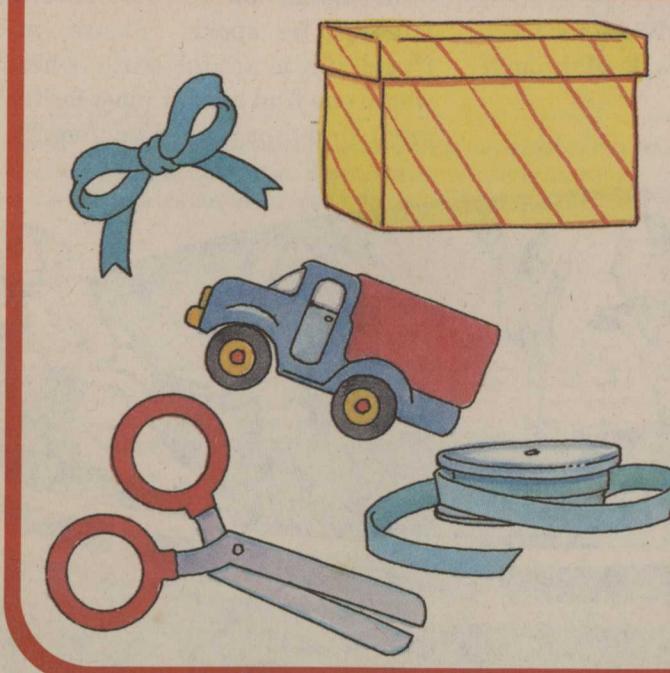
Robert N. Feinstein

Which two things would be the hardest for you to remember? Which three would be the easiest to remember?

- To turn on your favorite TV program.
- To brush your teeth before you go to bed.
- To return your library book on time.
- To give fresh water to your pet.
- To turn off your light when you leave your room.
- To bring a note from your teacher to your mother.
- To meet your friend after school.
- To take your books to school each day.

Matching

Look at each thing on the left. Find one like it on the right.



Grab Bag

Before you play, fill a big gym bag with large, funny clothing items: boots, aprons, nightgowns, boxer shorts, mittens, ties, hats, etc. You'll also need some music and someone to start and stop it, as in Musical Chairs.

To play, stand in a circle. When the music starts, begin passing the bag around the circle. If the music stops when you're holding the bag, open the bag without looking, take out one item, and put it on over your own clothes. Play continues until you've used all the items. Then it's time for a group photo before moving on to a new game.



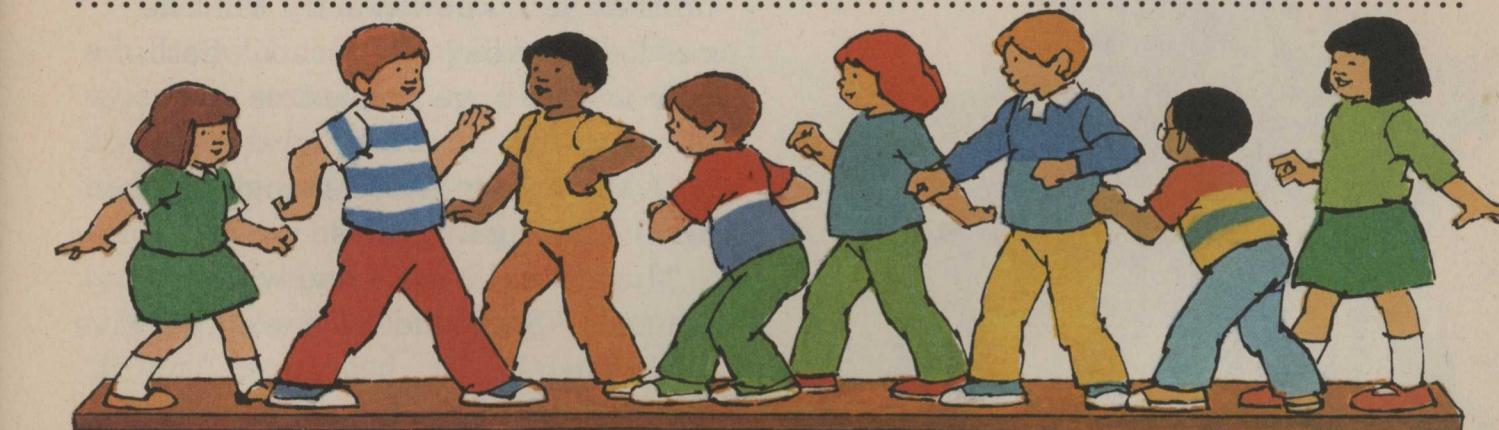
Caramel Corn

For this game you need space to move around and perhaps some caramel corn to munch on when you're finished.

To play, pretend you are all pieces of popcorn. Start hopping around the room as though you are popping in the pot.

Then, suddenly pretend someone poured some caramel on all of you and you start to get gooey. You

keep hopping around the room, but you're slower now, and every time you bump into another popcorn kernel, you stick together and have to hop together. Then you bump into another kernel, and the three of you are stuck together. Pretty soon, everyone is one big caramel popcorn ball, hopping together until someone gives the signal to break. Then everyone heads for the real caramel corn!



Bridge over the Lagoon

For this outdoor game, you'll need a smooth 2- or 3-inch-thick board about 8 feet long and 1 foot wide. Place the board flat on the ground.

gators are swimming around just waiting for a tasty morsel! Players have to work together to get their playing partners into their new positions without stepping onto the ground.

Tire Swing Moments

Noah's big brother is going away.
Tire swing time won't be the same.

By Virginia Kroll

When Noah was three, his much older brother Seth knew exactly what he needed. One day after school, Seth climbed the huge maple tree and attached it.

"A tire swing! A tire swing!" Noah cried, turning in circles.

"Just like the one I had when I was younger," Seth said. "Come on, I'll give you a push."

Seth pushed Noah until suppertime. Noah jumped off into Seth's long arms and hugged him as tightly as he could. "You're a nice man, Seth," he said.

Seth laughed. "Thanks, Little Brother."

Every day, Noah waited for Seth to come home from high school. Even on cold or rainy days, they shared some tire swing time before supper. Seth taught Noah how to push off and pump the swing by himself, and Noah started getting good at it.

One night after supper in late summertime, Seth told Noah that he was going away.

"Can you still come over for tire swing time?" Noah asked.

"I'm afraid not, Noah," Seth explained. "I'm going to college far, far away. I'll be living there in a dorm. But I'll be home for vacations and summers."

Noah raced out of the house. He was angry with Seth. Mama came and found him. She hugged him and said, "I know you're upset. I'm a little sad that Seth is leaving, too. We'll miss him. But that's what people do when they grow up."

"Why?" Noah asked.

"Because it's time. Seth is a young adult now, Noah. He was already fifteen when you were born. I'm glad he wasn't any older than that or you two might never have gotten to know one another. And one year of tire swing moments is better than none at all, right?"

Noah thought about it for a second. "Right," he decided.

Two weeks later, Seth's friend Eric drove up in his car. He was going to college, too. He helped Seth pack his things. "Ready?" Eric asked when everything was finally squeezed in.

"Yeah," Seth said. Then he looked at Noah. "No. Wait a second, will you, Eric?"

Seth swung Noah up on his shoulders and carried him into the backyard. "How about one more super push?"

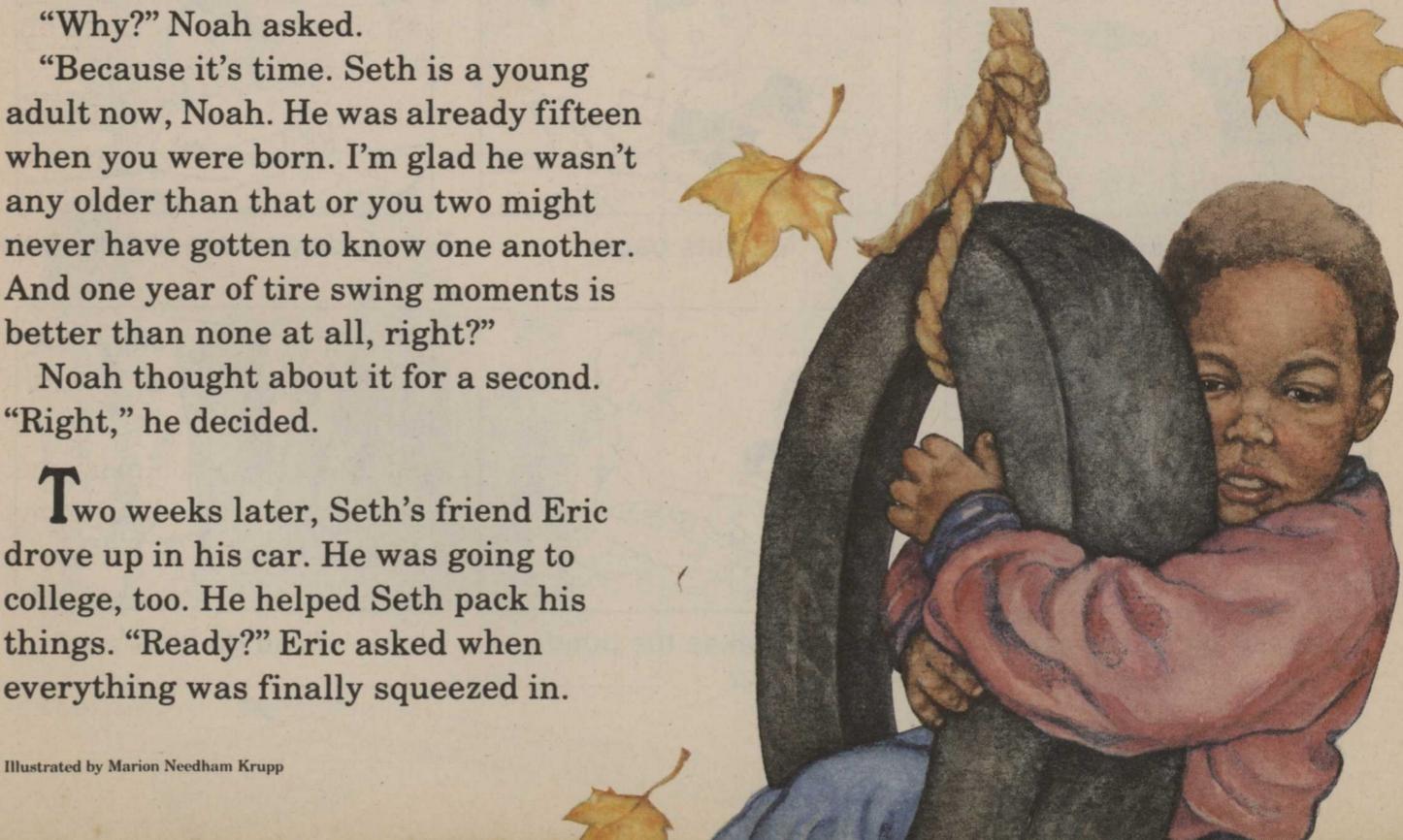
Noah swirled and twirled high in his tire swing, then he jumped into Seth's arms for a long "good-bye" hug.

Just before supper, Noah took his lonely feelings to the window. He stared into the backyard, remembering.

Mama said, "Why don't you go out and practice pumping on your swing? You're getting pretty good at it."

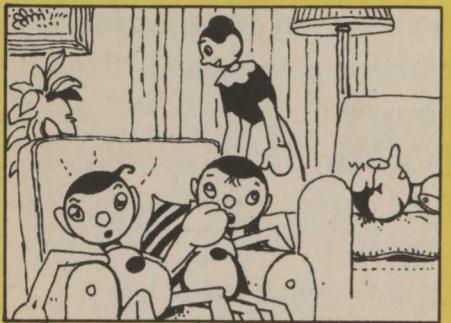
"No," said Noah. Then he thought about it for a second. "Yeah."

Noah ran into the backyard, thinking about Seth's first vacation. He climbed into the smooth black circle and let it hold him while he swayed. After all, he thought, a hug from Seth's tire swing was better than no hug at all.



THE TIMBERTOES

By Sidney Quinn



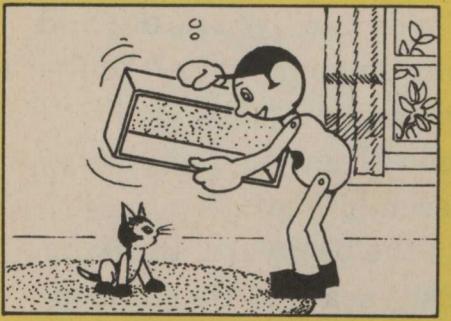
Another rainy day.



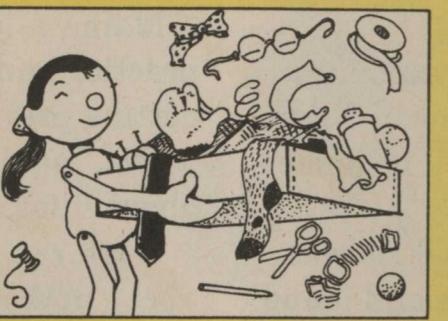
"Let's play Go Fish."



They look for cards.



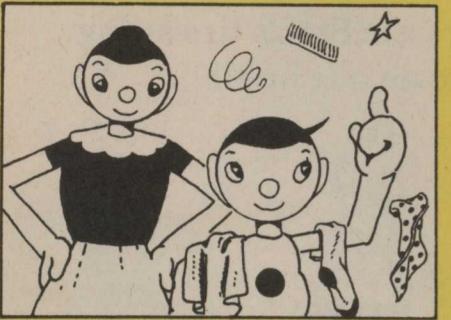
This drawer is empty.



This drawer is full.



But not with cards.



"We can make our own."



Ma cuts paper.



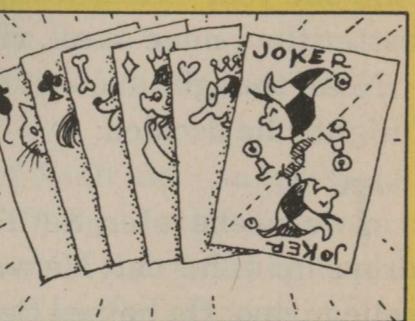
Tommy draws faces and numbers.



Mabel deals the cards.



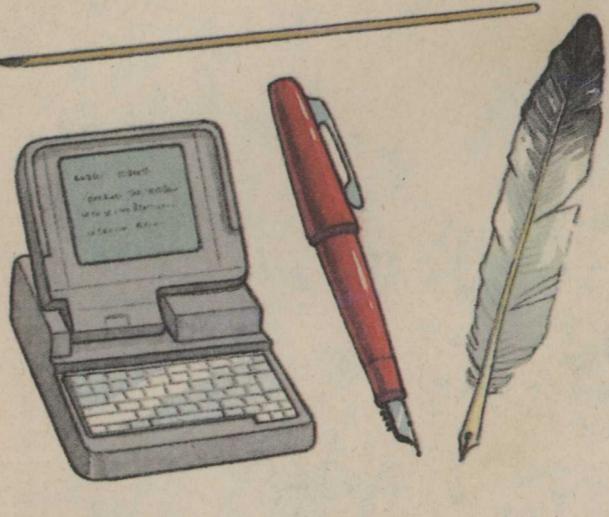
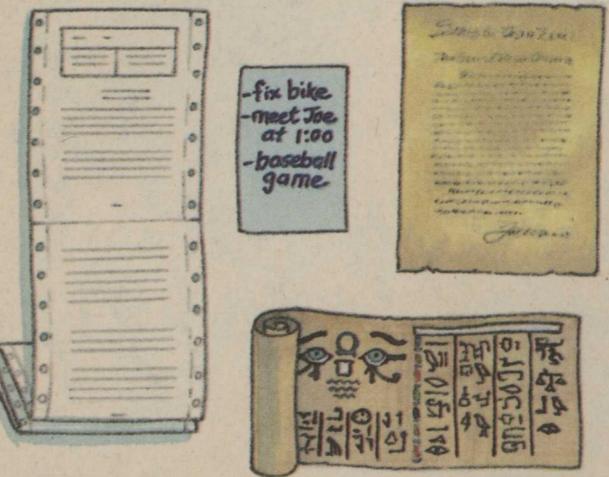
Pa makes the pond.



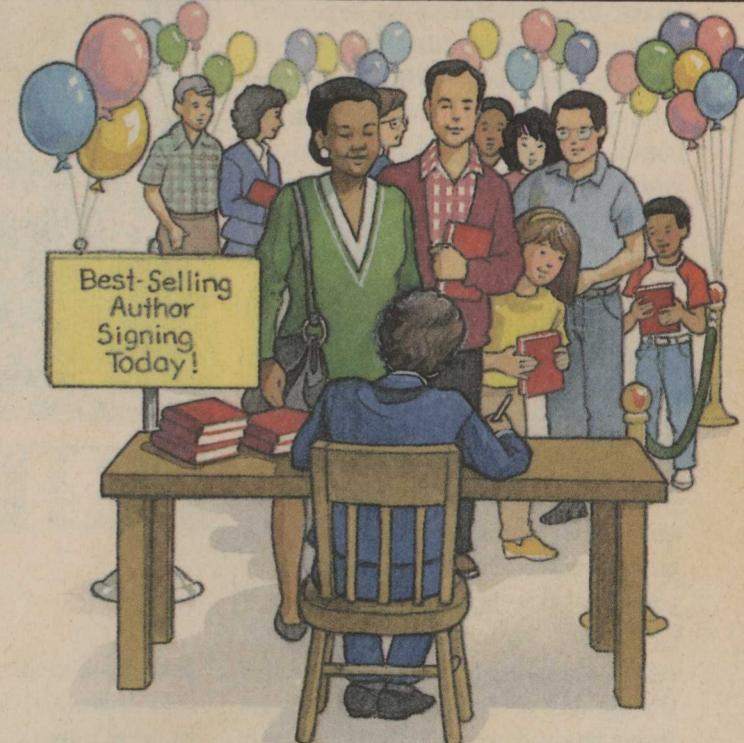
"You go first."

Thinking

Match each piece of writing with its writer and what was used to write it.



Think of two or three quite different kinds of books you might write about each of these.



You've written a best seller! Congratulations!
What special knowledge, experience, and talent did you need?

What book did you write?
What other books do you have planned?

By Paula Rodenas

It is September, and the air is crisp and cool as the horses of northwest Iceland end their summer vacation in the mountains. Between two hundred and three hundred horses whose owners did not need them during the summer have enjoyed a few months of freedom and good grazing. Now it is time to go home for the winter.

The horses are rounded up by farmers on horseback and driven down into the valley, where a large corral awaits them. As they race down the mountain, their coats create a shifting mosaic of colors: black, gray, pinto, dun, chestnut, bay. Tiny foals scramble to keep up with their mothers.

As I follow the horses down the mountain, picking my way over boulders and crevices, I marvel at their surefootedness—a legacy of centuries of adaptation to rough terrain. On this crisp fall day, I am envious of their warm, shaggy coats, which they have grown as protection against the long, cold winter to come. Because Iceland is near the Arctic Circle, there are only a few hours of daylight in winter. The climate requires a hardy constitution.

The horses descend much more rapidly than I. By the time I arrive, panting, at the base of the mountain, the horses are already in the big corral, whinnying for their lost freedom.

Owners begin to seek out their horses, moving carefully between the tightly packed animals, identifying their own by notches in the horses' ears. Each farmer has his own distinctive notch or brand, just as ranchers in the American West brand their horses to identify them. When a farmer finds one of his horses, it is taken to a smaller



Iceland lies just below the Arctic Circle in the North Atlantic Ocean, between Greenland and Norway.

ICELANDIC ROUNDUP

Iceland's horses run free in the summer. Now it's time to celebrate their return.

pen set aside for the owner's use.

It takes all afternoon to round up the horses. As the herd thins out, the horses gallop from one end of the corral to the other. I press myself against the inside wall as they thunder past.

Boys and girls help their fathers and neighbors. Sometimes it takes

five people to capture one small horse! I watch as two farmers put their arms around a horse's neck, two push from behind, and one stands by, shouting advice.

As the farmers gather their horses, they joke and chat. Most of the families at the roundup know one another.

Soon, with fewer horses left in the corral, identification becomes easier. One by one the horses are driven into a chute, where their ears are checked and their owners identified. Soon there are no horses left in the corral.

The sun is now low on the horizon, and the air has a sting to it.

I'm grateful for the thick wool Icelandic sweater that I bought when I arrived. The farmers' wives have prepared refreshments in a shack adjoining the roundup grounds, and I am invited to share in the cakes and hot beverages.

Icelanders are eager to talk about their horses. (Outside of Iceland

they're called ponies because of their small size, but Icelanders call them horses.) Icelandic horses have two more gaits than most breeds. Like other horses of the world, they walk, trot, and canter. But they also pace (that is, the legs on one side of the body move in unison, unlike the diagonal action of the trot). And they do a smooth running-walk called the *tölt*. A rider can cross rough terrain without feeling a single bump, thanks to the smoothness of the *tölt*.

As we finish our refreshments, someone says, "Let's sing," and everyone gathers in a circle. Voices ring out in the clear fall air. Some of the tunes are native folk melodies. Others I recognize as songs of the American West, translated into the Icelandic language. "Home on the Range" sounds litingly beautiful in Icelandic.

At last, night falls. The farmers and their families bid one another good-bye as they herd their horses home along the country roads, assisted by faithful shepherd dogs. The roundup is over for another year, but it will be remembered over the long winter ahead.

ICELAND

- The population of Iceland is small. There are no surnames, or "last names," for identifying families. Instead, Icelandic children follow the ancient Viking custom of attaching their names to that of their father. Thus, Jon's son Peter becomes Peter Jonsson. And Einar's daughter Edda is known as Edda Einarsdottir—a name she will keep even when she marries.

- The interior of Iceland is too harsh for people to live there, so it has no roads or settlements. The people of Iceland live around the country's outer edge.

Hidden Pictures

Prehistoric Pals



In this big picture find the vacuum cleaner, artist's brush, baseball cap, spoon, pennant, pie, scissors, dolphin, crown, snake, butterfly, house, megaphone, golf club, toothpaste tube, book, question mark, and rabbit.

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Why do bumps and bruises
hurt? Does the pain help
get well?

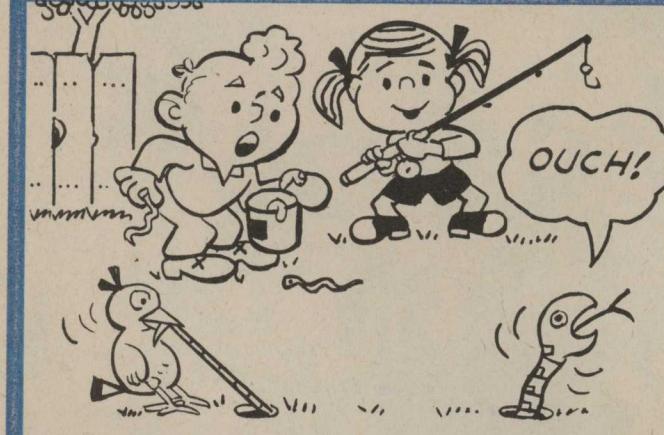
No, but the pain does
you in a different way. It's
body's way of warning you
more careful. It says, "Don't
again."

Word Fun Say these words aloud. Now spell them backward and see what happens.

ten	tip	pal	bag	now
tub	ton	was	nip	bat
tar	gum	top	gas	tap

What other words can you think of that make new words when they are spelled backward?

Check . . .



and Double Check



There are at least thirteen differences in these two pictures. How many can you find?



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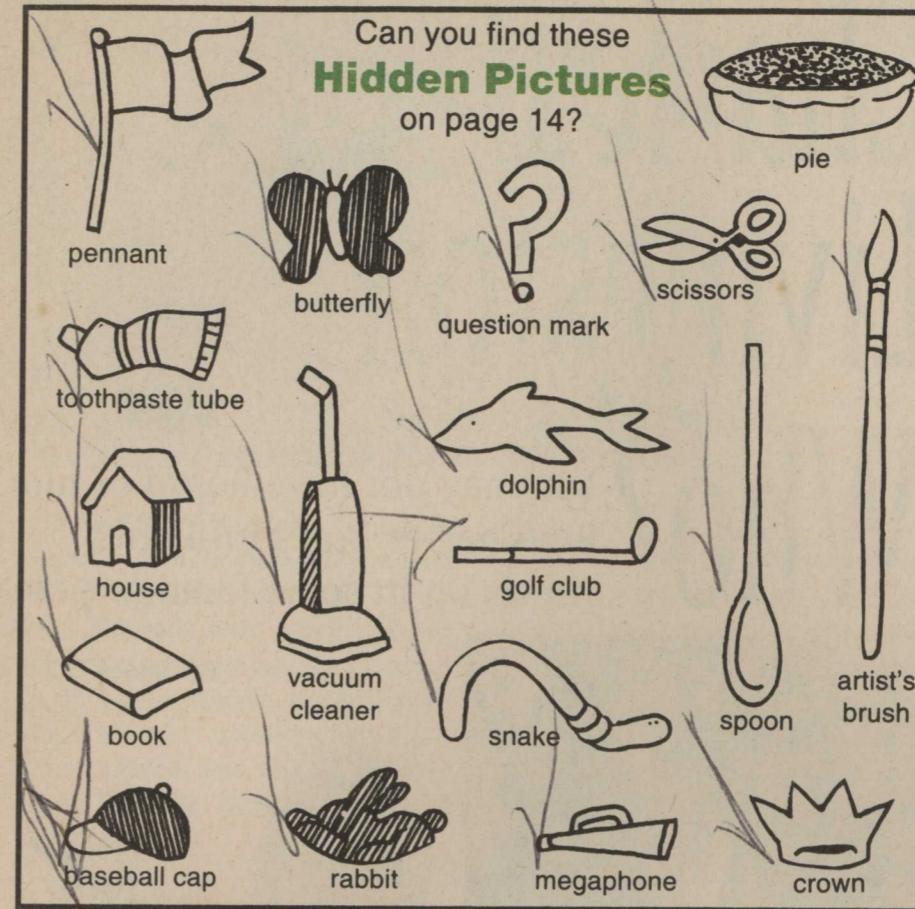
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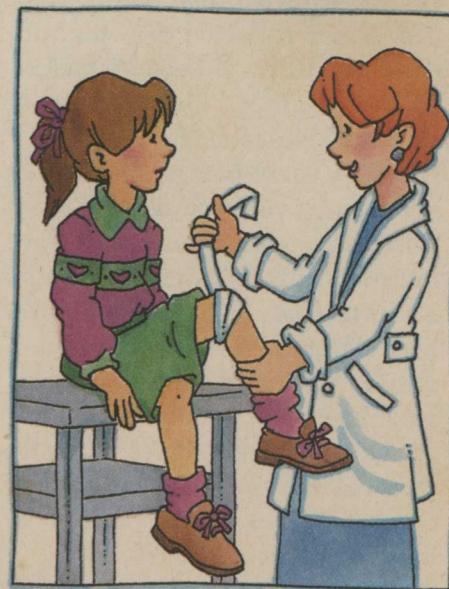
FROM _____
| | | |
| | | |



In this big picture find the vacuum cleaner, artist's brush, baseball cap, spoon, pennant, pie, scissors, dolphin, crown, snake, butterfly, house, megaphone, golf club, toothpaste tube, book, question mark, and rabbit.



Can you find these
Hidden Pictures
on page 14?



Girl: Why do bumps and bruises have to hurt? Does the pain help me to get well?

Doctor: No, but the pain does help you in a different way. It's your body's way of warning you to be more careful. It says, "Don't do that again."

Word Fun Say these words aloud. Now spell them backward and see what happens.

ten	tip	pal	bag	now
tub	ton	was	nip	bat
tar	gum	top	gas	tap

What other words can you think of that make new words when they are spelled backward?

Check . . .



and Double Check



MARTIN FILCHOCK

There are at least thirteen differences in these two pictures. How many can you find?

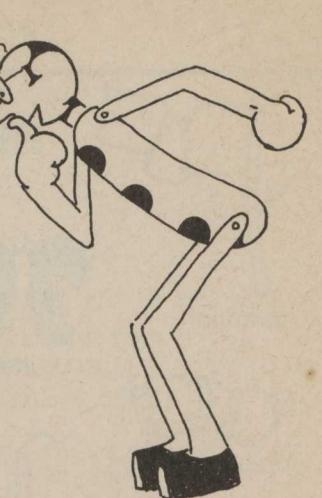
Long before a lonely Pa Timbertoes whittled his family from a tree and I started drawing him for HIGHLIGHTS, I became hooked on the animal illustrations of Charles Livingston Bull.

In the early part of the 1900s, when I was very young, Bull's artwork appeared in almost every magazine: *Boys' Life*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *St. Nicholas*, and a host of others. It was often seen in ladies' magazines and in nature, hunting, and scientific publications. I collected copies of Bull's pictures the way the other boys were collecting cigar bands or baseball cards.



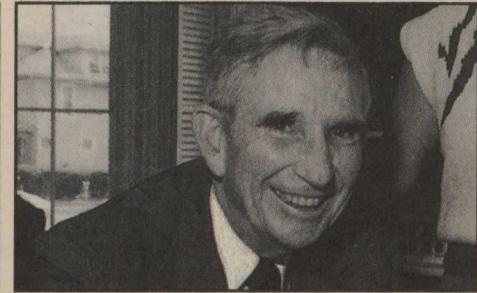
Charles Livingston Bull's artwork appeared in almost every magazine of his day.

Charles Livingston Who?



You may not have heard of him,
But Charles Bull's influence
shows up in some familiar places.

By Sidney Quinn



Sidney Quinn draws "Goofus and Gallant" and "The Timbertoes" for Highlights.



I was in junior high when I wrote Bull a hero-worshipping fan letter telling him how much I liked his work and how I was hoarding copies of his art. His answer to me, which I have saved through all these years, starts in a rather quaint, old-fashioned manner:

Mr. Sidney A. Quinn, Jr.

My Dear Sir . . .

After this rather formal beginning, his letter becomes relaxed and friendly. He thanked me for my interest, chatted about his work, and in general discussed my favorite subject, illustration. I couldn't have been more delighted had the letter been signed by the President of the United States.

Even though Bull's artwork was widely published, most adults of his day never heard of him, for he was a quiet, unassuming artist who lived a fairly solitary life. His mother, a former schoolteacher,



Some of Bull's illustrations have a feeling of serenity, which reflects his study of Japanese prints.

with ease and used them only when it was absolutely necessary. In the many books he illustrated, including such classics as *Call of the Wild*, by Jack London, it is his wonderful drawings of animals that are remembered.

Bull died at the age of fifty-seven in 1932, about four years after I got his letter.

I stopped at a flea market a few days ago. There lay a copy of *St. Nicholas* magazine dated March 1920. A boyish excitement stirred inside me as I hurriedly leafed through the yellowing pages and . . . there they were! Two magnificent pages of frolicking sea lions that I had never seen—by Charles Livingston Bull.

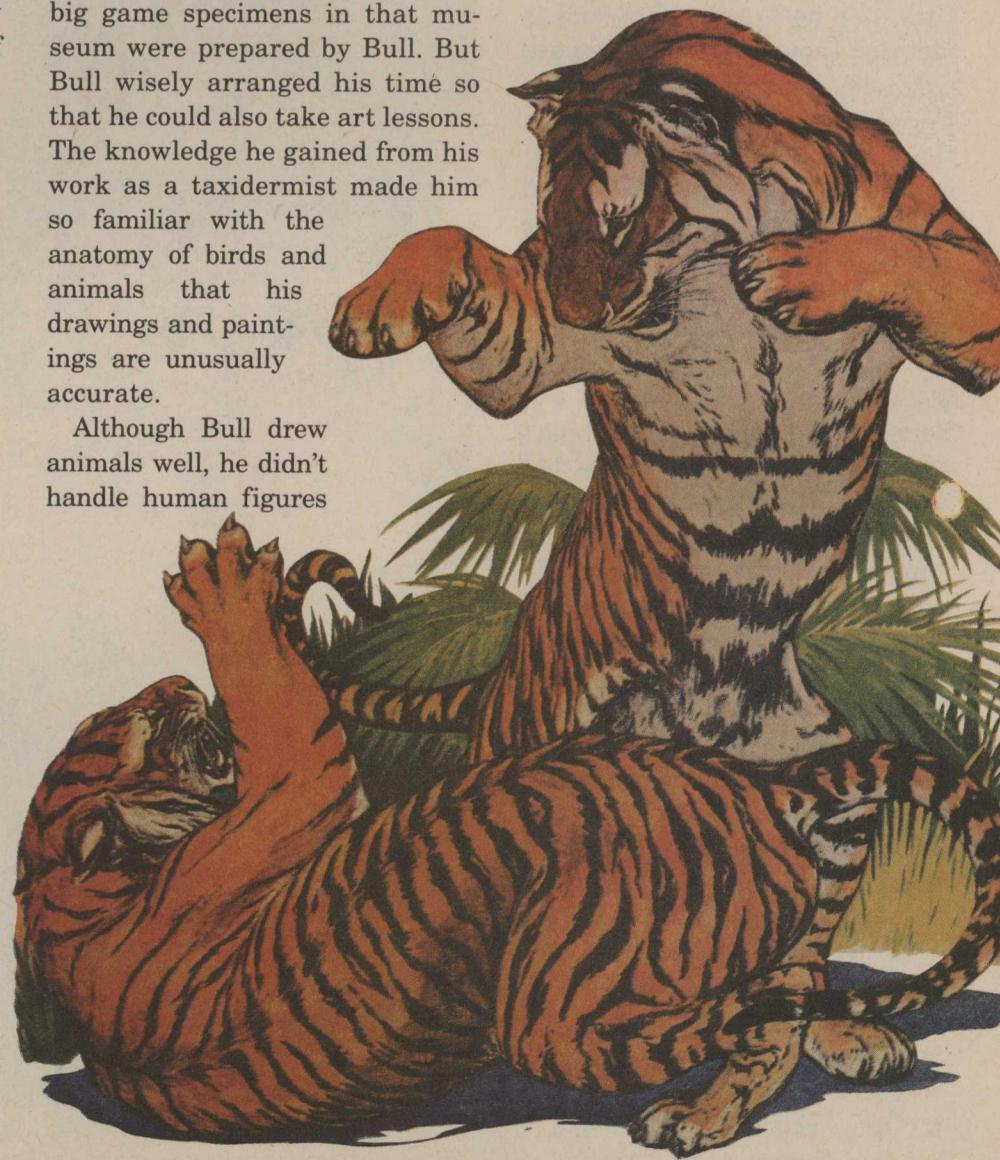
My day was complete.

Bull's skill in taxidermy led him to become taxidermist for the U.S. National Museum (now called the U.S. National Museum of Natural History) in Washington, D.C. A number of Theodore Roosevelt's big game specimens in that museum were prepared by Bull. But Bull wisely arranged his time so that he could also take art lessons. The knowledge he gained from his work as a taxidermist made him so familiar with the anatomy of birds and animals that his drawings and paintings are unusually accurate.

When Charles was very young, about eight, his grandmother provided him with a pair of scissors. This unlikely gift may have started him on his career. His first cutouts, even then, were easily identifiable birds and animals.

Charles's interest in animals grew. While his brothers were swimming or fishing in the waters around Rochester, New York, he preferred to wander off on his own, exploring muskrat homes, trailing raccoons, or studying the flight of birds.

His father tried to interest him in clerking at the family's grocery store, but finally gave up when he found that the boy was spending most of his time sketching animals—usually on the paper used to wrap parcels. As a compromise, he was apprenticed to a taxidermy school, where he excelled at preserving and stuffing the skins of animals. But Charles never lost sight of his main goal—picturing live animals rather than stuffing their dead bodies.



Face to Face with the APPLE PEOPLE

By Lynda La Rocca

Look at a peeled apple. Do you see a face in there?

When a peeled apple is exposed to air, it dries out and wrinkles like weathered skin. For hundreds of years, people have made heads for dolls from peeled and carved apples. With an adult's help, you can make apple figures of your own.

Choosing an apple:

Some carvers say any kind of apple makes a good doll, as long as it's firm, has no brown spots, and is just ripe enough to eat. Others use only one kind of apple. Shirley Falsetto, whose work you see in the photos here, is a professional apple head doll artist. She uses Golden Delicious apples because she finds red apples too soft and green ones too hard. Experiment and see what works best for you.

Method 1:

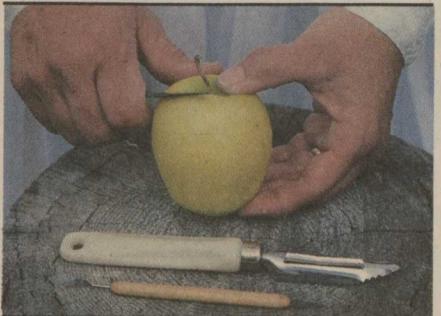
Some apple head dolls aren't carved at all. Peel the apple but don't core it, and cut small slits for the eyes and mouth. Let it air dry four or five days, then pinch the center of the apple to form a nose, and continue air drying.

Method 2:

The steps on the next page take more time but give a more detailed look. Your carving will change as the apple shrivels, so don't worry about being exact. And don't worry about mistakes—if you don't like the way an apple looks when you first carve it, eat it, peel another, and start again!



To make the apple head:



1. Ask an adult to help you with steps that require using a knife.
2. Peel the apple.
3. Examine the apple from all sides, and decide which side would make the best face.



4. Slice a wide section of apple flesh from the top front of the apple to form a forehead. On each side of the forehead, slice off a narrow section to form temples (the flat areas at the sides of your forehead).



5. Make a mark for the sides of the nose with your fingernail. Cut straight into the apple about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch at those places. Then slice over from the side, across the

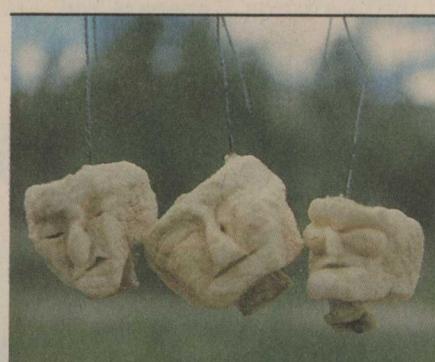
cheeks, to meet each cut, taking a wedge from the apple on each side of the nose. This forms the nose ridge, cheekbones, and eye sockets. Cut a third, smaller wedge from beneath the nose.

6. Shape a chin, jawline, and neck by slicing away apple flesh from the bottom of the apple.

7. To make eyes, cut two small, shallow slits just below the tops of the cheek wedges. Cut a slightly larger slit for the mouth. Curve this slit upward for a smile, down for a frown.



8. Cut out the top half of the core and all the apple's seeds. This speeds the drying process and prevents mold from forming.



9. Rub the apple inside and out with salt, then with lemon juice, to help preserve the apple. Set the apple on the neck of a soda bottle. Or run a thin piece of wire through the apple, make a knot in the wire beneath the apple so the apple doesn't fall, and hang it by the wire in a dry place where it won't touch any other objects.
5. Glue on steel wool, string, yarn, cotton balls, or sheep's wool for hair.
6. Make eyes by pressing whole cloves, tiny beads or seeds, or straight pins with round, colored heads into the eye slits.
7. Use watercolors to tint the lips and cheeks and to draw eyebrows.
8. Make a body from an empty plastic dish detergent bottle or a plastic-foam cone. Or shape wire to form a neck, arms, and legs, and wrap it with strips of rags.
9. Glue on fabric to cover the body, or sew a simple dress.
10. Glue the head to the body.



Air dry the apple for one week to a month. The apple will be completely dry when it feels hard and stiff and turns a honey color.



To make the doll:

Once the apple head is dry, decide what you think it most looks like and give it features and a costume. Use your imagination—apple head dolls can be anything from apple "pappies and grannies" to cowpokes, farmers, leprechauns, and Halloween witches.

1. Use watercolors to tint the lips and cheeks and to draw eyebrows.
2. Make a body from an empty plastic dish detergent bottle or a plastic-foam cone. Or shape wire to form a neck, arms, and legs, and wrap it with strips of rags.
3. Glue on steel wool, string, yarn, cotton balls, or sheep's wool for hair.
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7. Glue on fabric to cover the body, or sew a simple dress.
8. Glue the head to the body.

Apple head dolls, if displayed in a dry place and not handled often, can last one hundred years or more. They're different and fun to make—as much fun as apples are to eat!

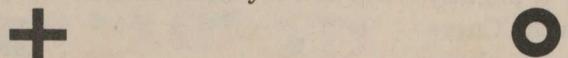
Science Letters

Answered by Jack Myers, Science Editor

Oops!

Many readers noticed that we made a big mistake in our February 1993 issue. On page 11, we told you about an experiment to find your eyes' blind spots. The experiment didn't work because the directions had two words interchanged. To all of you who couldn't make it work, our apologies.

Let's do it right. We will change the game a little to use the cross and circle you see below.



Close your left eye and look at the cross. You will also be able to see the circle, even though you're not staring at it. Slowly move the page closer as you stare at the cross. At some special distance, the circle will disappear. You have found the blind spot for your right eye.

You can find the blind spot for your left eye by closing your right eye and staring at the circle. As you move the page closer, you'll find a special distance at which the cross disappears.

Now that you see how it works, you can go back to page 11 of the February issue. Repeat the experiment, using the football instead of the cross and the baseball instead of the circle. Then you will find the two words that were interchanged in our mistake.

In Dreams

Can blind people see while they're dreaming?

Lisa Bender—Ontario

I asked Jacqueline Shahzadi at the Braille Institute to help with the answer. This is what she said.

"The pictures in our dreams are based on our experience and imagination. Yet most sighted people's pictures of the world—such as birds, sunlight, flowers, and colors—are very similar.

"For people who have been blind since birth, this world is very different. The color red, for instance, might mean the smell of a rose or



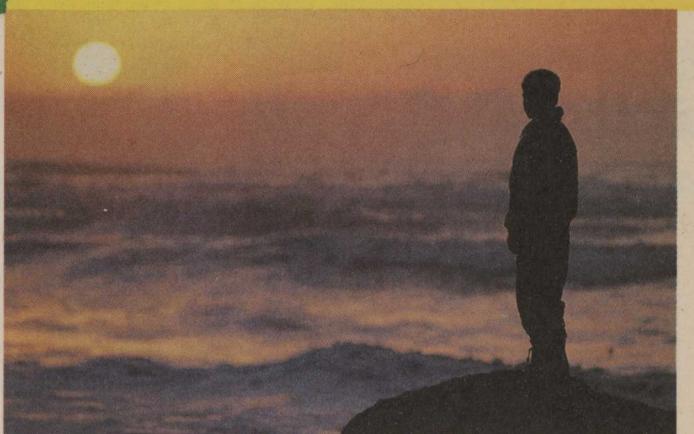
the sound of a fire alarm.

"In a nightmare, a sighted person might dream about an ugly, scaly creature. But for someone who is totally blind, the same type of dream might conjure up the monster's loud voice and the touch of its slimy skin."

"Some people who are legally blind still have some sight. They may be able to see light and shadows, or print that is large enough to read if they get very close to it. These people will probably have visual dreams with pictures similar to those of sighted people.

"People who lose all or part of their sight later in life most often have visual dreams. Their memory brings back the pictures of the world they once knew."

Dr. Shahzadi also said that there is really no one answer to the question, and a lot more research needs to be done. I am grateful to her and to the Braille Institute.



The Sun's Diary

Why does the sun start out dark, get brighter, and then get darker again?

Sterling McCool—Mississippi

Sunlight reaches us only after passing through the atmosphere—a layer around the earth, like the thick rind of an orange. When the sun first rises in the morning, its light has to pass through a lot of the atmosphere to get to us. Dust and water droplets stop a lot of its light, and the sun may look dark, or red.

At noon, when the sun is almost overhead, light makes the shortest path through the atmosphere. That's when the sun is bright yellow—way too bright to look at.

Then, late in the day, sunlight's path through the atmosphere gets longer, and the sun gets dimmer and appears red again. And at night, the sun is on the other side of the earth, so we can't see it.

The Smart Spider

From a fable by Leonardo Da Vinci
Adapted by Susan C. Hall

One day, while scampering up a door, a spider discovered a keyhole and climbed inside.

"How clever I am to find this keyhole," said the spider. "I am such a smart spider."

From the keyhole, the spider could see some stairs and a window. "I will build a web on those stairs, then

hide in my keyhole and watch until my web traps a fly."

"I will build a web on that window, then hide in my keyhole and watch until my web traps a moth. I am such a smart spider."

But the spider forgot one thing. A keyhole is not meant for a spider. It is meant for a key. Before long, someone put a key into the keyhole. The surprised spider tumbled to

the floor. He scrambled up on his eight legs, shook his head, and said,

"I guess even a smart spider can make a mistake."

Illustrated by Katharine Dodge

One night an old woman lay in bed, writing a letter to the girl who lived next door. Often the girl had come to the house with her mother, who helped the old woman with her cooking and cleaning. Thinking the old woman took too much of her mother's time, the girl often scowled and grumbled.

With a wobbly hand, the old woman scribbled the girl's name on an envelope. She pinned it atop a folded quilt and smiled. Later that night, she died.

The pastor from the old woman's church brought the quilt and the letter to the girl. With her mother beside her, the girl began to read:

Dear Child,

I'm so old—nearly ninety-four. Where all those years went, I don't know. Everyone dear to me is gone. I had no children. Some would say that I had a sad life, and maybe that's partways true, but it had its moments.

This quilt is for you. It tells a story about my mother and me. I stitched it long ago from the very clothes we wore on an April night in 1910 when a truly wondrous thing occurred. I was just about the age you are now.

Back then we were alone up here on the hill—no other houses, no neighbors. Town



Caroline's Gift

When something truly wondrous occurs, you can find ways to preserve it.

Written and illustrated by Gina T. Reitman



was two miles away, and the only way down was by foot or by mule. But we weren't lonely, for we had plenty of work tending the chickens and the garden. I had my schooling and Mama took in sewing. And we had each other.

On that day in April I was throwing apple peelings to the chickens when I first saw Mama looking up. She shaded her eyes with her hand and searched the sky. I found myself looking too, but I saw nothing. When I asked what she

was doing, she said I'd know soon enough. Then she went inside the house. I could hear her through the window, flipping the pages of a book.

We had a great many books, for Mama was a reader. She said we'd never have the means to see the world in person, but we could see it all through the words of others.

One September we traded four sacks of walnuts for a used encyclopedia. Mama considered us rich after that.

That afternoon we were pulling weeds in the garden when Mama did it again. Kneeling in the damp soil, her face all lit by the sun, she squinted up at the sky.

"Mama, what on earth are you looking at?" I asked.

"It won't be on earth, Caroline," she

said, her eyes still staring heavenward. Then she took my face in her hands. "Be patient, child. I want to give you something special—a gift you'll not get again in your life. Let me do that."

"Of course, Mama," I said, and she pulled me tight against her.

When the first star appeared, Mama went to collect firewood from the side of the chicken coop. I saw her gazing into the brilliant blue night, shaking her head. Passing me on the porch, she sighed. "I felt so sure it would have come by now."

Mama made me a bed before the fire and read from the encyclopedia, covering subjects from the Civil War to Coronado. I listened to the hiss of the damp wood burning and the crackle of book pages turning. I quickly fell asleep.

When I woke, the room was dark and cold and the fire nearly gone. Mama was nudging my arm.

"What time is it?" I asked in a voice hoarse with sleep. "Where are we going?" Mama didn't answer as she led me into the night.

"It's come, Caroline," she said. Her breath was like smoke in the air. "We'll walk to the ridge. You can see it from there."

I stumbled behind her in the dark as beetles and field mice bolted for their burrows. We came from behind the tall oaks into a clearing.

"There! You see?" Mama said, pointing skyward. Perhaps my eyes were clouded with sleep, for I saw nothing. I turned to Mama, and there, reflected in her eyes, I saw it—a bright ball of light trailing a misty tail across the sky.

"What is it, Mama?" I asked.

"It's Halley's comet," she said. "Unless you grow very old, you'll never see it again. It passes earth but once every seventy-five years."



The queen glared defiantly at the comet.

Mama reached for my hand. I could feel the blood pounding in her palm.

"Almost two thousand years ago, this very thing we're looking at was seen by a Roman emperor named Julius Caesar. He was fourteen years old and terrified.

Everyone was terrified. For ages people thought comets caused disease and war and deaths of kings."

Mama turned her gaze to the bluff's highest point. "Come on, Caroline," she said. "We're going to the top." Without another word she began to climb.

I scrambled after her, with leaves and twigs snapping under our feet. "But what is it really?" I yelled up at her. "Where did it come from?"

"It orbits the sun," she called, never slowing her pace. "It's made of gases and dust but mostly plain old ice. It's like nothing so much as a giant, dirty snowball. The only

difference is that it's millions of years old."

My legs were tired. I yelled to Mama, "I have to catch my breath." I sat on a bed of leaves. Mama walked back to join me.

She was breathing hard but the words kept coming. "People simply hadn't the facts in days past. They thought Halley's comet was an evil omen . . . a sign of God's fury or a trick of the devil's." She smiled.

"There was a queen who ruled England centuries ago—Elizabeth, she was called. When Halley's comet passed one year, everyone told the queen to lock the doors and shut the windows. 'Do not look upon it,' they cried, 'or you will surely die!' But Elizabeth was brave. She strode to the window and glared at the comet with her hands on her hips."

I felt my strength returning, and we began to climb again. "Almost there now," Mama said. I inched

Continued on next page



Continued from page 23

toward the edge of the bluff and looked down. I could see the river sparkling in the valley below. Then I looked up. The comet seemed even brighter.

Suddenly a gust of wind raced over the bluff, and I shivered. Mama hugged me. The hair was flying back from her face. In the comet's light her skin looked like fine, white marble.

"All those kings and queens and emperors through the centuries have looked upon this very thing," Mama said. "And now you and I are looking on it, too." She held me away from her and stared into my eyes. "I can't give you much, Caroline. But I can give you this." Then she turned again to the sky. "It's my gift to you, child."

"It's a real sight, Mama," I said.

We were quiet then. Chickadees began to chirp in the pines, signaling the coming of morning. We stayed on the bluff until the sky began to lighten. When we turned for home, I could hear the rooster calling from the yard.

Mama was right. I never did see Halley's comet again, though I cer-

A gust of wind raced over the bluff, and I shivered.

tainly lived long enough. It passed earth about eight years ago. But by then my vision was poor, and the nights were cloudy. I strained to see but couldn't. Perhaps it doesn't matter. Halley's comet could never again be as bright as that night when I was just a girl. Some things happen only once.

I feel myself weakening, but I'm at ease. I've told my tale and now I'll sleep. This quilt was stitched from the very clothes we wore that night in 1910. It's my gift to you.

*With much affection,
Caroline Wesley*

Slowly the girl folded the letter, then unfolded the quilt. It showed a glorious star-filled night with a big, white ball dashing across the sky. The girl traced its path with her finger. She asked if she could see where Caroline was buried. Though night was near, her mother agreed. In the yard the girl picked wild lilies to lay on the old woman's grave.

The moon had risen by the time they reached the cemetery. Through the trees, it dotted their path with silvery light. They found the grave where the oaks were tall and thick and moss grew on the rocks. She was buried beside her mother; they shared one gravestone. The girl stepped over and read the words aloud:

Margaret Anne Wesley
1882-1916

Caroline Maude Wesley
1899-1993

Gently the girl set the lilies between them. When she turned, she saw her mother staring up at the sky. Shining in her mother's eyes, the girl could see the stars.

For Wee Folks

Who has dropped something? Find what each one dropped.



Which animals are the same color as in real life?



What questions might the big people ask the children?
What might the children answer?



Get on Board:

Your Story Endings



In our February 1993 issue we asked you to make up endings for a story called "Get on Board." In that story, a boy named Tim was riding a bus to visit his uncle on the other side of the city. Suddenly, the bus jerked to a stop. Tim looked around. They were no longer in the city!

What happened next? Here are some of your story endings.

Pink Milk

Just then the driver told everybody that they were stopping for a lunch break.

He got off, although he didn't have a lunch.

It was very hot, so Tim sat under a tree.

All of a sudden a lavender and pea green cow gave him a glass of milk, a sandwich, and four cookies.

He fearfully said, "Thank you," and took a drink of milk. That's when he noticed it was pink!

When he finished his lunch, the cow walked him back to the bus.

By that time, Tim was scared.

This Can't Be Real!

Tim got out of his seat and looked around. Instead of sitting on a bus seat, he had been on a rock. He was in a field covered with sunflowers. "There must be some mistake!" he thought. "This can't be real. I'm dreaming!" But he pinched himself and it hurt.

When they set him free, he

"I'll just stay right here and figure things out," he said to himself, but for some reason it just did not seem practical. "Why would this happen? This sort of thing only happens in books," he thought.

"I've got it! It's that author's fault!"

"Hey mister author! Wrong story! This is probably the setting for *Bambi* or something!" he yelled.

"Ooops! Sorry! You're right. Here," said the author.

Tim was back on the bus and at his stop. "I made it through the bus ride!" he said. And there was Uncle Mike, ready for him.

*Clarissa Viening, Age 10
Grand Rapids, Michigan*



Tim and the Wolf

Tim got off the bus because now it was broken. He met a wolf. The wolf found his suitcase on the ground and ran off with it into the woods. Tim and the bus driver went off into the woods to find the suitcase. They looked in the wrong cave, and a bear came charging out. The bear was running after them, and it was a grown-up bear. It chased them out into the country. Then the bear got tired and stopped chasing them. They looked again, and they found the right cave.

The wolf was dressed in Tim's pajamas and he was brushing his teeth with Tim's toothbrush. When the wolf saw them, he screamed. He was embarrassed. Then he got mad. He took Tim's pajamas off, threw the toothbrush down the drain, and bit a hole in the pajamas. Then he ran out without noticing that Tim and the bus driver had set a net out to catch him. They let him go when they had all Tim's things back.

When they set him free, he

chased them out of the country and back to the city. Boston City put the wolf in the zoo. The bus driver and Tim finally found the way to Uncle Mike's house. Uncle Mike sewed Tim's pajamas and bought him a new toothbrush.

*Eddie Hines, Age 5
Reading, Massachusetts*

A Wild Experience

He looked around and saw that the lady who tried to help him with his suitcase was a monkey who was juggling his suitcase. Then he noticed that everyone else was an animal, including himself. The driver was a fawn, and he was a snake.

He slithered out of the bus and into the woods and slithered for about ten minutes until he was at the playground near his uncle's house. It wasn't an ordinary playground. Instead of a slide there was a giant rainbow. All the monkeys were on the monkey bars. He saw a bear and its cub come out of the mist in the woods.

The cub said, "Hi, aren't you the nephew of that guy who lives down the street?"

Tim answered, "Yes, I am. My name is Tim."

"That's a neat name," said the cub. "Mine is Berry." He disappeared into the mist once more.

It was starting to get late, so Tim slithered to his uncle's house. It wasn't a house. It was a giant circus tent. His uncle was a ringmaster and looked like a monkey. He thought to himself,

"Grandpa used to say Uncle was always a monkey." Tim's uncle invited him to come to the show.

His uncle said, "For our next performance, I will turn my nephew into a boy!" He put Tim onto a moving contraption that

looked somewhat like a bus.

Uncle said the magic words, "Hocus pocus, all off!"

Tim looked up from the dream, and the bus driver said once again, "All off." He got off the bus and found his uncle waiting.

*Eric Lindenblad, Age 9
Tampa, Florida*

The Alien

At first he thought someone had taken his suitcase, but then he realized that the abrupt stop made it fall off the seat. So he looked down and found it on the floor. When he looked out his window, he saw a field of sunflowers, and in the center was a tremendous spaceship.

Everyone on the bus started panicking when they saw the spaceship. So the bus driver decided he'd better tell everyone to look at the sign on the other side of the bus that read "Now Filming: Space Invaders, Part 4."

Suddenly, the people on the bus saw something coming out of the spaceship that looked like an alien. When the alien saw them he said, "Hello," and the people laughed at how funny he looked. The bus driver then announced that this was the last stop, so Tim got off the bus. The alien then saw Tim and went over to say hello to him. Tim removed the alien's mask and saw that it was his uncle, the actor.

*Leonora Arslani, Age 6
Brooklyn, New York*

The Deer

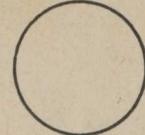
Tim jumped up and saw a deer running in the woods outside the bus. He was holding Tim's suitcase! Tim said, "Deer can't take suitcases!" Then Tim woke up. It was a dream. Tim got ready for school.

*Kyle Longwell, Age 8
Allen Park, Michigan*

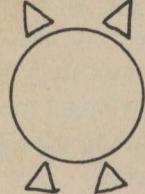
The Hungry Pig

A Story to Read and Draw
By Anne Eldridge

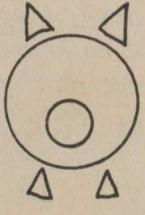
- Once there was a table.
(Draw a circle.)



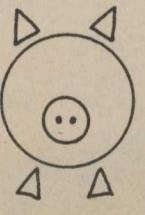
- The table had four triangular legs.
(Add four triangles.)



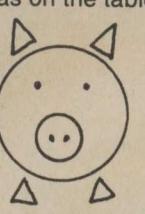
- On the table there was a bowl.
(Draw a small circle inside the bottom of the larger one.)



- In the bowl there were two peas.
(Add two dots for peas.)



- There were two peas on the table, too . . .
(Add two more dots for the peas on the table.)



until a sneaky pig crept into the picture and ate them! Do you see the pig?



Head South— But Which Way Is That?

By Jack Myers, Science Editor

Most animals don't do as much thinking as people do. Instead, they use instincts—built-in programs that tell them what to do. Scientists call instincts programmed behavior.

A good example of programmed behavior is bird migration. Young birds don't need to be taught how to migrate—they just do it. They get ready by growing new feathers and storing fat to give energy for the long journey. Then, at the right time of the year, they fly off in the right direction, heading south for warmer weather.

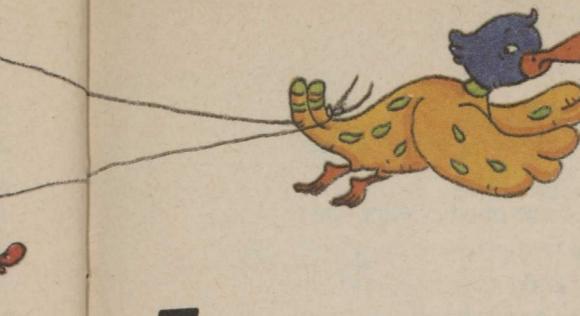
Scientists have been especially curious about one part of that migration program: How do birds

tell which way is south? It didn't take many experiments to find that birds have a magnetic sense. They must have some kind of built-in compass, though we don't know exactly how it works. But there's more to the problem.

When the birds were about a month old they were divided into four groups and put in four different cages. The cages were put in a round room, with each in a different location. The room's ceiling was an artificial sky made of a plastic disk with sixteen light spots for "stars." The sky was slowly rotated to turn one time around every twenty-four hours. The birds

were kept in their cages each night for almost a month.

They studied the Savannah sparrow, a bird that migrates at night. They brought up young sparrows in the laboratory where they were not able to see older birds or the outside world.



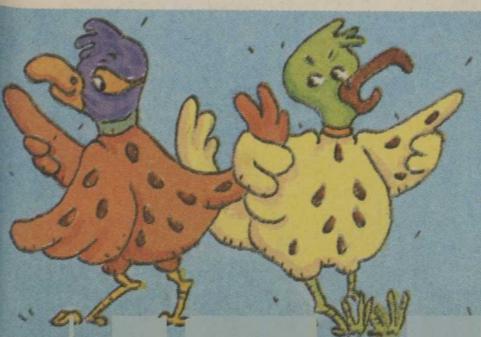
In September, when the birds were ready to migrate, they were taken one by one to another round, dimly lit room. The test was to see which way they would start hopping. Every bird knew which way it wanted to go.

But though all four groups had their magnetic compasses working all right, each group thought that south was in a different direction. The four groups corrected their compasses in four different ways. They had done that by watching the artificial night sky from different directions.

When you need to find your direction at night you look for the North Star. Other stars slowly move around the sky at night. But the North Star doesn't seem to move at all. It happens to be at a special place in the sky. Wherever you are it lines up with the earth's North Pole.

You have to look hard to find the North Star. First you find the Big Dipper and its two pointer stars. They point toward the North Star in the handle of the Little Dipper.

Birds don't do all that. If we could read their built-in program it would say: "Find the one place in the night sky that never moves. Correct your compass so that it points to that place. Then fly in the opposite direction. That's where you want to go."



"Did you hear the mean things Amos has been saying about Marty?"

"No. And I don't want to. It could cause more problems between them if they thought their friends were taking sides."

Jokes

Scuba store clerk: "What can I get for you?"

Customer: "Tanks."

Scuba store clerk: "Oh, that's very polite, but I didn't get you anything yet."

Billy Stokes—New York

Stephanie: "Why did Cinderella get kicked off the baseball team?"

Melissa: "I don't know. Why?"

Stephanie: "Because she ran away from the ball."

Stephanie Ogé—Missouri

Don: "I didn't know our school was haunted."

Ron: "Neither did I. How did you find out?"

Don: "Everybody's been talking about our school spirit!"

Kristin Carr—Hawaii

Doctor: "How are you getting along with those strength pills I gave you last week?"

Patient: "I don't know. I'm not strong enough to get the lid off the bottle yet."

Gigi Chan—British Columbia

Jim: "What's your business?"

Pat: "Bowling."

Jim: "How do you like it?"

Pat: "It's right up my alley."

Cassandra Cox—South Carolina

A man returned to the dealer from whom he bought his new car. "I believe you gave me a guarantee with my car," he said. "That's right," said the dealer. "We'll replace anything that breaks." "Good," said the man. "I need a new garage door."

Eileen Guo—California

First astronaut: "If you look down, I think you can see China."

Second astronaut: "You've got to be kidding. The next thing I know, you'll tell me I can see knives and forks, too."

Jason Lee Akers—Ohio

Send the funniest joke or the best riddle you ever heard, with your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code), to:

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431



Scientists are trying to figure out how birds know where to go in winter.

Two scientists wanted to find out how birds correct their built-in compass. So they put four groups of young Savannah sparrows in a darkened room, with each group placed in a different location. An artificial night sky rotated above the birds. Each group corrected its compass according to the direction from which it saw the sky.

Illustrated by Vicki Woodworth; diagram by Tom Powers





The Sitting Spools

By Olive Howie

1. Cut fabric to fit around an empty spool of thread. Glue it in place.
2. Paint hair and features on a small plastic-foam ball or a table tennis ball. Glue the ball to the spool. Let dry.
3. Cut strips of felt or fabric for arms and legs, and glue them to the spool. Glue on felt or paper hands and feet.
4. Decorate the spool figure with clay, fabric, paper, or other materials to create whatever costumes you choose. Then set your spool person on a shelf, or make more and create a group.



Scarecrow Wreath

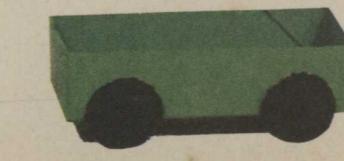
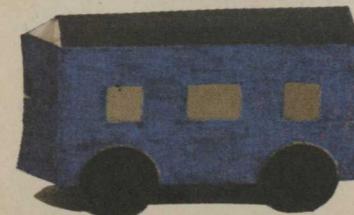
By Tama Kain

1. Collect different colored leaves. Press them between magazine pages and let them dry.
2. Cut the inside circle from a paper plate without cutting through the rim.
3. Glue the dried leaves to the rim and set it aside to dry.
4. To make the scarecrow's body, glue two ice-cream sticks in an X shape. Glue another stick across the front of the X for arms.
5. For the face, cut a circle from a brown paper bag. Glue it to the top front of the X.
6. Glue short pieces of yarn, hay, or paper to the ends of the arms and legs and to the head for hair.
7. Glue small pieces of fabric around the legs for pants.
8. Cut a shirt from fabric and glue it to the body and arms.
9. To make a hat brim, cut a circle from a paper bag. Wrap another piece of bag around a wadded piece of tissue, and glue it to the center of the circle. Glue the circle to the scarecrow's head.
10. Glue the scarecrow to the wreath and glue a loop of string to the back of the wreath. When the glue is dry, hang up the wreath.

A Half-Gallon Train

By Edna Harrington

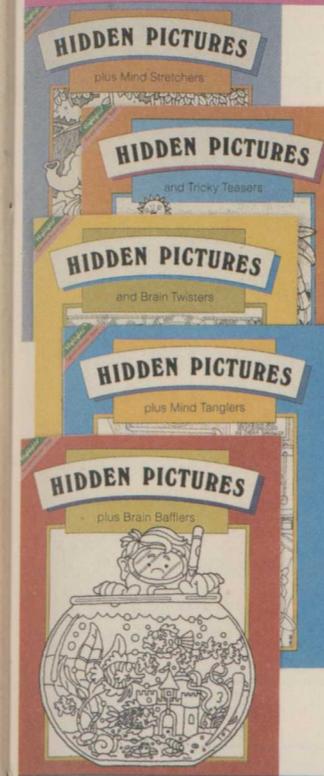
1. Wash and dry four half-gallon milk or juice cartons.
2. For the engine, use one whole carton and the bottom half of another. Cut windows in the half carton. Tape the opening of the whole carton shut. Lay the whole carton on its side, and tape the half carton to it upside down, using masking tape.
3. To make train cars, open the top of a carton. Cut the carton in half, starting at the spout. Tape the open
- end of each half flat.
4. For the caboose, open the top of the fourth carton. Cut off the top strip, where the carton was sealed. Cut away the spout panel and the back panel. Leave the two side panels on as back doors for the caboose.
5. With a hole punch, make a hole in each door. Put yarn through the holes to tie the doors closed.
6. Cut windows from two sides of the carton.
7. Cut sixteen cardboard wheels for the train. Paint them black.
8. Mix poster paints with a small



Mom & Dad

New

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Set 3 1894
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.....
for the Jewish
Sukkot

.....
ning the evening of
is year, is celebrated
called a sukkah. This
can be used as a
decoration in a real sukkah or on
your table.

1. Cut the top section from a washed and dried milk carton.
2. Cut a door in the bottom of one side of the carton. Paint the carton or cover the sides with paper.
3. Lay twigs and leaves across the open top of the carton.
4. Make a table from a small box for inside your sukkah. Mold clay into the shapes of a bowl and fruits, and place them on the table.





Scarecrow Wreath

By Tama Kain

1. Collect different types of dried leaves. Press them between paper towels and let them dry.

2. Cut the inside circle out of a paper plate without cutting all the way through.

3. Glue the dried leaves onto the paper plate and set it aside to dry.

4. To make the scarecrow's body, glue two ice-cream sticks in an X shape. Glue another stick across the front of the X for arms.

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10. Glue the scarecrow to the wreath and glue a loop of string to the back of the wreath. When the glue is dry, hang up the wreath.

PLACE
STAMP
HERE



A Half-Gallon Train

By Edna Harrington

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2. For the engine, use one whole carton and the bottom half of another. Cut windows in the half carton. Tape the opening of the whole carton shut. Lay the whole carton on its side, and tape the half carton to it upside down, using masking tape.

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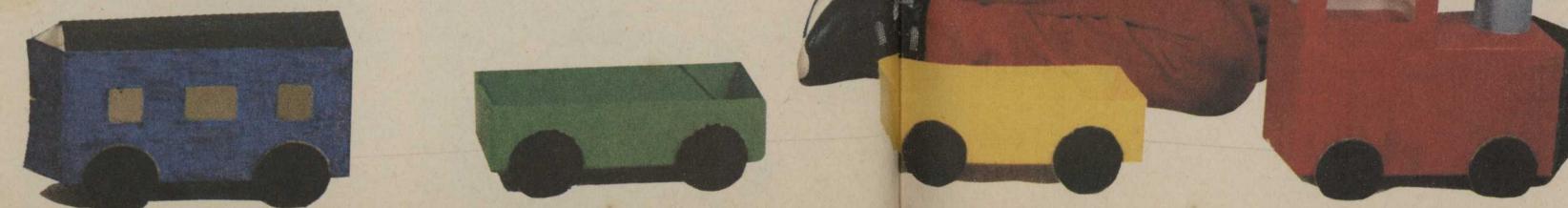
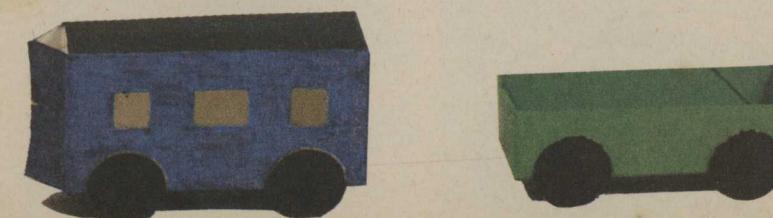
4. For the caboose, open the top of the fourth carton. Cut off the top strip, where the carton was sealed. Cut away the spout panel and the back panel. Leave the two side panels on as back doors for the caboose.

5. With a hole punch, make a hole in each door. Put yarn through the holes to tie the doors closed.

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7. Cut sixteen cardboard wheels for the train. Paint them black.

8. Mix poster paints with a small



Paper Parachute

By Margaret Chianis

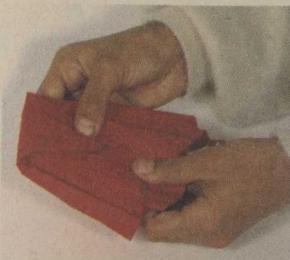
1. Cut four 12-inch-long pieces of string.

2. Unfold a thick, square paper napkin. Tie a string to each corner of the napkin.

3. Tape the other end of each string to one end of a crayon.

4. Fold the parachute up: Holding the corners together, fold the parachute down into a little package. Loosely wrap the strings around the package as shown, so the crayon hangs free.

5. Take the parachute outside and throw it high into the air. If it doesn't unfold and float down, try folding and wrapping it a bit looser, and keep trying.



A Sukkah for the Jewish Festival of Sukkot

By Rose Klein

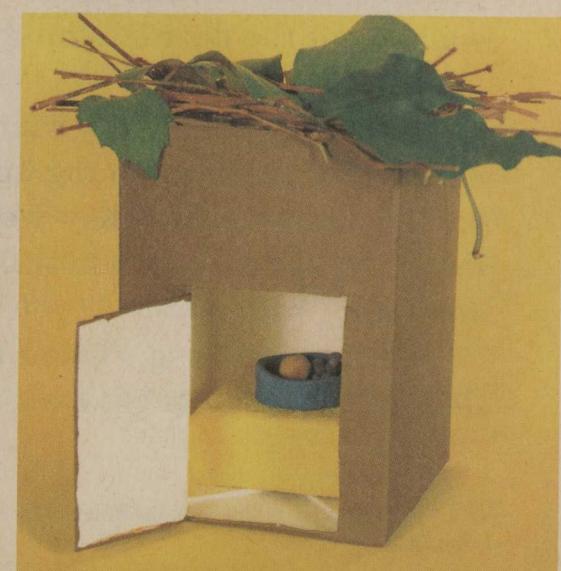
Sukkot, beginning the evening of September 29 this year, is celebrated in a small hut called a sukkah. This miniature sukkah can be used as a decoration in a real sukkah or on your table.

1. Cut the top section from a washed and dried milk carton.

2. Cut a door in the bottom of one side of the carton. Paint the carton or cover the sides with paper.

3. Lay twigs and leaves across the open top of the carton.

4. Make a table from a small box for inside your sukkah. Mold clay into the shapes of a bowl and fruits, and place them on the table.



"Be polite to anyone you meet from another planet," said Dad.

By Elisa Carbone

Janet and Rachel drained the last few drops of milk from their glasses and plopped them down on the kitchen table.

"Let's go to the playground," said Janet. "I will tell Mom and Dad we're leaving."

"Great," said Rachel.

As they started out the door, their parents gave them some last reminders.

"Don't run in the street!" called their mother.

"Don't talk to strangers," said their father.

"Look both ways before you cross the street," said their mother.

"Be home before dark," said their father. "And DON'T play with the bears!" he added with a smile. "And NO riding spaceships!"

Both girls giggled. "Is there anything else we should remember?" asked Janet.

"Yes," he said. "Be polite to anyone you meet from another planet." The girls walked out the door laughing.

At the playground they whirled around on the whirlygig and hung upside down on the jungle gym. They went up and down the slide and made tunnels in the sandbox.

"We had better go home now," said Janet. "It's going to get dark soon."

Bears from Space



Just then a huge orange ball zipped down from the sky. It had flashing red lights and was as big as a bus. It landed in the playground without a sound.

A door on the orange ball opened, and a ladder dropped out. Then down the ladder, one by one, came the bears.

They were fat and furry, with short noses and big paws. They galloped to the play equipment and started to swing and slide and seesaw. What a sight!

One of the bears lumbered over to Janet and Rachel. "Would you like to play with us?" he asked in perfect English. They both shook their heads to say, "No, thank you."

The bears played as if they hadn't

been to a playground in a million years. They pushed the whirlygig so fast that their feet flew out from under them, and they had to hang on tight with their front paws. One of them must have let go, because he went sailing across the playground and landed in the sandbox. Another jumped into the sandbox with him, and they wriggled around like squirmy puppies until Janet and Rachel's tunnels were all mashed flat.

On the swings they swung so high, several of them went clear around the top of the swing set. Then, one by one, they flew off their swings, landed at the top of the sliding board, and zoomed down the slide with a big fat WHOOSH!

All of a sudden, a loud whistle came from the great orange ball. The bears stopped playing immediately. They brushed themselves off and filed back into their spaceship.

"Would you like to come with us?" asked the bear who spoke perfect English.

Rachel and Janet smiled politely and shook their heads.

When the last bear stepped inside, the door snapped shut. Then the spaceship swished off into the sky as silently as it had landed. The girls watched it until it looked like a lost balloon, high in the sky.

They ran down the sidewalk toward home. When they came to a crosswalk, they stopped, looked both ways, and walked. They got home before dark.

Their father was scrubbing carrots for supper. "Did you girls have fun at the playground?" he asked.

"We sure did!" Rachel almost shouted.

"It was terrific!" said Janet.

"Good," he said. "I've got one more safety rule for you. When you've been at the playground with strange creatures, ALWAYS wash your hands before dinner."

The girls stared at each other. Then they ran upstairs to wash their hands.

Our Own Pages



Food Chain

Andrew Green, Age 10
Richmond, Virginia

Fall

I love the season fall.
I like the fall because I can
jump in the leaves,
and I can help my mom and
dad rake.

Chelsey Conant, Age 5
East Baldwin, Maine



My Piano

Jennifer Henry, Age 6
Oakville, Ontario

An Old Oak

An old oak is like
an old woman who knows all
the secrets of life.

Jennifer Koh, Age 10
Palm Bay, Florida

Firefly Midnight

Firefly, glow your light
Until the morning comes.

Joshua Saltzman, Age 6
Chicago, Illinois



Ann Cooley, Age 7
Auburn, Washington

The River Goes On and On

Through the valleys, rivers flow,
with speed and grace no mortals know.
Forged of mountain streams of old,
swum by fathers both strong and bold.
Past lands close by its shore,
ridden by people, canoe, and oar.
Through towns of quiet that always rest,
past mothers who think that they know best.
Down and past it's always sped,
past the little ones asleep in bed.
And when they wake, in the dawn,
they see the river go on and on.

W. Trent Elliott, Age 13
Marietta, Ohio

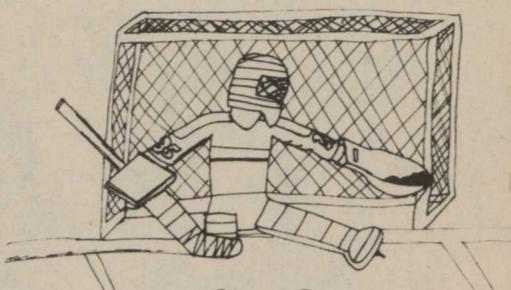


Hawks

Roselena Adams, Age 9
Piedmont, Missouri

The Sun and the Moon

The sun opens the sky.
The moon closes the sky.
And then we go to sleep.
Anna Reyes, Age 3
Austin, Texas



Glove Save

Qusai Saleh, Age 10
Calgary, Alberta

Butterflies

Butterflies, butterflies, they fill the sky with colors,
Butterflies, butterflies, they fill the sky with joy.

When I look at a butterfly, I feel that
it's a pretty, pretty symbol of all my joy.

When I look at a butterfly, I feel there
are colors in the air.

When I look at a butterfly, I feel as if I were tiny,
I could ride on the wings of a bird
wing, butterfly wing.

Danny Hart London, Age 6
Hoboken, New Jersey

The Imaginary World

When I go to bed I look
at my stuffed animals,
and I picture a jungle, a
zoo, and a farm full of animals.

There were lions, zebras,
and camels, too, each one
full of love, and
I wondered how I got
there not knowing I was
in my heart.

Joshua Baver, Age 9
Staten Island, New York

Tadpole

Tadpole long and fat,
swimming, eating, growing,
developer, changer, searcher, eater,
hopping, hunting, croaking,
green lively frog.

Zachary Johnson, Age 8
Gulfport, Mississippi



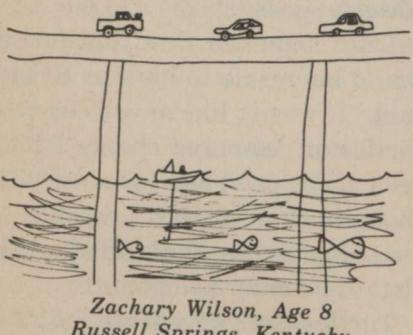
My Town

Jessica Reed Foster, Age 3
Wellesley, Massachusetts



Ballet Class

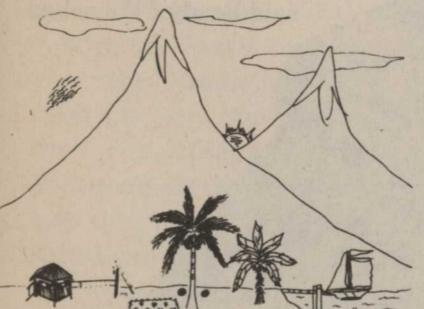
Chelsea Dawn Meier, Age 5
Grand Junction, Colorado



Zachary Wilson, Age 8
Russell Springs, Kentucky

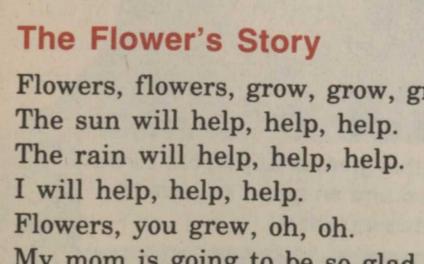


Glenna May Posadas, Age 11
Milwaukie, Oregon



Philippine Scene

Anthony Vigil, Jr., Age 12
Yigo, Guam



Brett Saberhagen
Evelyn Ullman, Age 11
Claverack, New York

Love

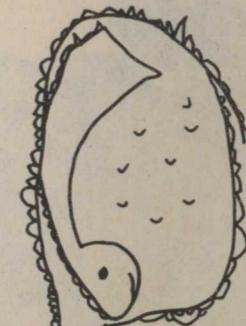
You don't show someone you love them
by a picture or a chart.
You show them that you love them
by doing from your heart.

Sean Barney, Age 11
Huntington Beach, California

When I Close My Eyes

When I close my eyes I see
all people holding hands.
Every girl and boy,
and every kind of belief.
No gates to hold us apart.
Everybody friends.
I know I do not always act like it,
but I want to be everyone's friend.
I know it is impossible
because the earth is just too big!
We can do this much,
act nice to all teachers and schoolmates.
So, when I close my eyes
I see my friends,
who are—everyone!

Julia Story, Age 9
Chapel Hill, North Carolina



I Love My Life

I love my life,
it is so fine.
And every year I grow,
it seems I climb a vine.
And every vine I climb,
to reach my fantasy,
it seems the vine is growing
just as much as me.

Rusty Hullinger, Age 4
Baton Rouge, Louisiana



Me

Abolade Thomas, Age 8
Oakland, California

Mama

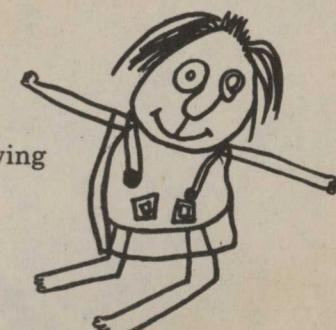
Mama, you're as sweet
as a New Zealand apple,
the kind I love best.
Mama, I know you are there
to help me with projects
hard and easy.

Mama, the warmth and
softness of your voice flow
through me like a gentle
wave.

Mama, when you raise your
voice it's like a high surf.
But whatever the level,
it's always the best.

"The only mama I'd ever
want is the one I have!"

Elana Kimbrell, Age 8
Kailua, Hawaii



Little Critter

Jason Delpha, Age 6
Rutland, Vermont

Are you thinking of sending a story, poem, or picture to Our Own Pages? Be sure that it is your very own creation, and that you haven't seen or heard it somewhere else. All artwork should be on plain white paper. Artwork can be in color or black and white. Include your name, age, and complete address (street or box number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to:

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

We will print some of the poems, stories, and pictures from our readers. Sorry, we cannot return any work that is sent to us, so you may want to keep a copy for yourself.

BOYS SAVE HUGE TURTLE!

By Janet Wier Roberts

Emergency!

Brady threw down his bike and burst in the back door yelling, "Mom! It's huge!"

My son Brady had been riding bikes with his friend, Philip. They often explored a nearby pond and ditch looking for treasures. This time they had found something truly amazing. Red-faced and out of breath, Brady described how the

boys had made the new discovery. Workers had been widening the ditch for improved drainage. As

Brady and Philip walked past it, they noticed a giant mud clod—and it was moving. The boys realized that the mud clod was really a giant turtle.

Brady said, "The turtle was on its back, so we tried to turn it over with sticks. It was so heavy that the sticks kept breaking." The boys knew that the turtle was still alive because of the way it

tried to bite the sticks with its powerful jaws.

They could tell that this turtle would be unsafe to handle. Brady said, "It wasn't like any of the box turtles or red-eared sliders I had seen at the pond last summer." He thought that it was probably a snapping turtle—the kind of turtle that could snap a finger off.

Turtles don't have teeth, but the strong jaws of a snapping turtle can close around an animal and prevent escape. Snapping turtles often lie in wait for their prey on muddy pond bottoms. They like fish, insects, and mollusks best. Of course, turtles don't go looking for people to eat, but a turtle will bite to defend itself.

"We were scared that the turtle would bite us, but we were also scared that it would die on its own," said Brady. "We asked

a workman to help us, and he used the end of a sledgehammer to turn the turtle over. We saw that the turtle's shell was bloody and cracked."

The shell is actually part of a turtle's skeleton. Its backbone is connected to the shell, so a damaged shell can be a serious threat to a turtle's life. The boys knew this turtle needed help fast!

Rescue!

Quickly, Brady decided that the huge turtle should be brought home. He found a big paper bag to put the turtle in, and he hurried with it back to the ditch.

There, the workman used the sledgehammer to roll the turtle into the shopping bag, where it landed upside down. "It hissed and clawed," said Philip. "The big claws tore up some of the bag."

With the heavy, torn bag looped over the handlebars of Brady's bike, the boys made it home with the turtle. Brady and Philip wisely kept their distance as they set the bag down in our garden. They sprinkled water on the snapper to wash the blood off its shell. The turtle seemed dazed, and it didn't move much.

I was alarmed at the sight of this prehistoric-looking animal. It must have weighed fifteen to twenty pounds. But I knew a snapping turtle could move its long neck with lightning speed.

I called my friend Paul Freed for advice. Paul works with reptiles at the Houston Zoo. He said to keep



the turtle warm, keep other animals (like Brady's big German shepherd) away from it, and not to give it any food or water.

It was hard for Brady to follow the third instruction. He worried, "How can an animal live without food or water?" I reminded him that the turtle had been dug up from its burrow in the mud. During the winter, turtles go into a deep sleep, and they can survive without eating. But turtles—like all reptiles—are cold-blooded, so their body temperature rises and falls with the temperature of their surroundings. To survive, turtles must stay warm underground during the winter.

We knew that a cold front was moving into the area that night. As the sun set, the temperature started to drop, and we decided to move the turtle inside. I picked it up with a big shovel and put it in a large wire basket in the garage. We set up an electric heater to

keep the temperature there above sixty degrees.

The turtle rested for three more days, but it was alert enough to hiss loudly at anyone who came near. Brady was glad to see that its shell was healing. Once, the turtle climbed over the side of our makeshift cage—a sign that it was getting stronger.

Release!

Soon the weather was warm enough to take the turtle back to its home. Brady and his father loaded the reptile and its cage into our van. They drove to the pond, where Brady carefully turned the wire basket on its side so the turtle could get out. He smiled as he watched the snapper crawl into the water and swim away. "We all felt good," said Brady, "because we had helped the turtle get better and then returned it to its home."

Like this giant snapper, our turtle hissed and snapped its jaws to frighten intruders.



Headwork



Do you wear pants on your head, your arms, or your legs?

Start at the beginning and see how far you can go, thinking of good answers from your own head.

Which is closer to you, the roof or the floor?

"I'm a plane! I'm a plane!" said Jeremy. What might he be doing to show this?

Think of some animals that start with the letter *b*. Do they all look alike?



What might dinosaurs have done for fun?

Make a noise like thunder. What else sounds like that?

Which would be the most fun: a car trip up a mountain, a hike through the woods, or a bike ride around a pond?

Imagine that the animals of the forest made an orchestra with their own noises. Which animal would be the violin? Which would be the flute? The cello? The harp? The trumpet?

Leaves change color when the air gets cold. Try to think of some ways in which people change when the weather changes.



Marsha ran home to tell her parents the news. "Sam has a dog that's ten feet tall and eats cars for breakfast," she said. Why didn't her parents believe her?

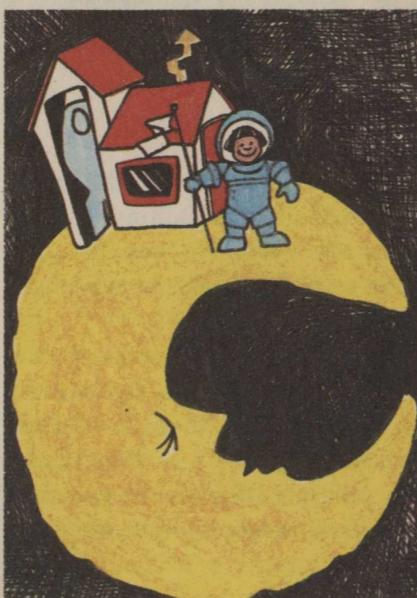
Sometimes when people are jealous, they say they're green with envy. What other colors can express how we feel?

Put the objects in the order of their invention: camera, videocassette recorder, film projector, television.

How did people learn things when there were no schools?

What are some differences between a beaver dam and a human dam?

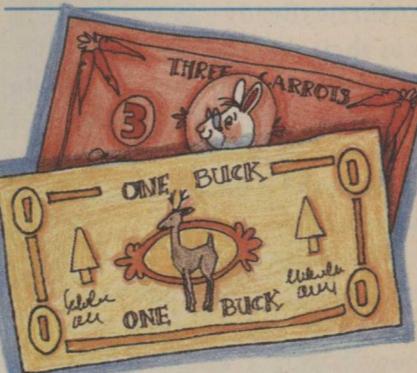
If you could live at any time in the past or future, what time would you pick?



Beth the astronaut has a chance to be the first person to live on the Moon. She could keep in touch with Earth, but she would be the only human living up there. Should she do it? Why or why not?

Bob heard footsteps outside his window at night. "It's only the cat," he thought. How could he have known?

Try to think of a question to which the answer would be "A million ducks."



In the United States, paper money is colored green. Try to make a new kind of money that has lots of different colors.

Riddles

- What is the difference between an oak tree and a tight shoe?
Krystina Morrison—North Carolina
- What grows shorter as it lives longer?
Jennifer Campbell—Georgia
- How does a dog earn a living?
Adam Field—California
- Why did the egg have to take a nap?
Maria Messina—Massachusetts
- What can you throw but not catch?
Andy Yerkes—Illinois
- What would you call an all-American canine?
Kaila Bemo—Oklahoma

10. What did the girl tractor say to the boy tractor?
Jared Klatt—Texas

11. How do you make pants last?
Becky Williams—Michigan

12. How do you make an elephant float?
Sean Pullman—Virginia

Answers:
1. One makes acorns, the other makes cowsache.
2. Swish cheese.
3. I don't know, but you can smell it coming from miles away.
4. Barbie could because she was eggchusted.
5. A pencil.
6. By picking up scents.
7. Because it smells like chicken.
8. A party.
9. A Yankee poolie.
10. "Come here, John Deere."
11. Make the coat first.
12. Add two scoops of ice cream and one elephant to a tub of root beer.

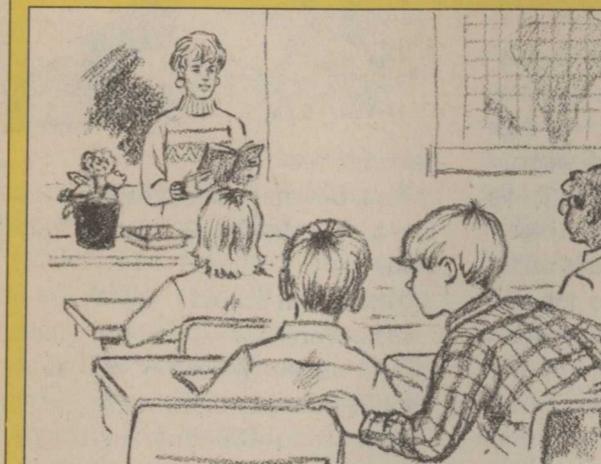
Goofus and Gallant



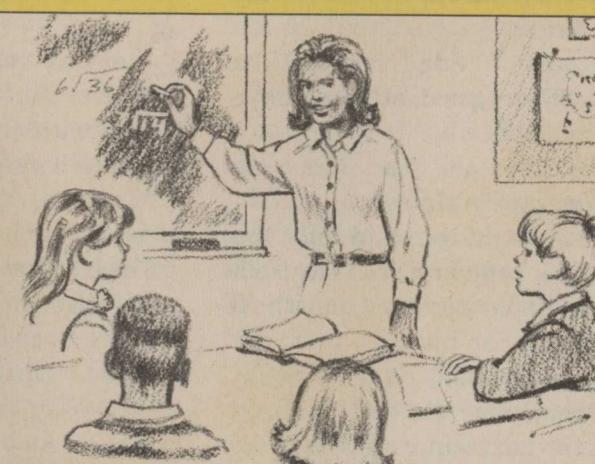
"There was a phone call for you, but I forgot who it was."



"Dad, Mr. Bell called. I left his number by the phone."



Goofus talks while the teacher is talking.



Gallant listens.

Dear Highlights,

LETTERS

No! No! No!



My stepbrother and his friends are always encouraging me to do things I don't want to. I say no, but he just can't stop! What should I do?

Devery N., Virginia

Listen to your own heart. You know when something is right for you and when it feels wrong. If you stand up to your stepbrother and his friends, they will learn to respect you. They will see that you are being strong by not going along with them.

It would also be a good idea to talk to your mom or dad about this problem. Whenever you are feeling pressured to do things you don't want to, it's good to talk it over with an adult. If the problem continues, keep talking to people until you find someone who can help.

Overweight



I'm overweight, and everyone lets me know it. I really try, but they still tell me. What should I do?

R.R., California

Don't get discouraged by what others say. Just say, "Thank you for your concern." Soon people will stop commenting.

If you think you need to lose

weight, talk to your mom or dad, and maybe your family doctor. A doctor can help you decide on a good weight for you and help you choose a healthy diet and exercise plan.

See if you and your mom or dad can plan meals that will help you lose weight. Maybe your whole family can try working together to improve everyone's health. It's more fun as a family project, and everyone can benefit.

I Don't Like It



I hate oyster stew, even the milk. My parents make me eat it. I tell them I don't like it. They say, "It's just milk and butter." So do my friends and teacher. What should I do?

Angie K., Minnesota

I think it's always good to try new foods, just to see if you like them. But if you've given oyster stew a fair trial and you still have trouble eating it, then try talking to your parents again. Maybe you can come up with a solution that's agreeable to all of you. Your parents might allow you to just taste it or to fix something else for yourself when your family has oyster stew. But if your parents really want you to eat oyster stew, try to understand that they believe it's important for you to learn to eat all kinds of foods.

I Miss Mom



I'm a first-grader. I like my teachers, but I don't like leaving my mom.

Robert W., Georgia

It's natural to miss your mom. I'm sure that many of your classmates feel the same way. At your age, it's healthy to be that close to your parents.

It may help to draw pictures that show how you feel when you have to be away from home so long. You can also take a photo of your mom to school—or something else that reminds you of her. You can look at it whenever you especially miss her.

At school, get to know different kids in your class. Smile and be friendly to others. Having friends to talk to will help you feel better.

You can share the school day with your mom by telling her all about it when you get home. The more you let her know your feelings about school, the closer you will feel to your mom, even when you two are apart.

When you write to us, we like to know who you are. Please include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to:

Dear Highlights
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Recycle and Win • A board game you can use again and again!

person to get to the recycling bin wins.

Use the coin toss to decide who goes first. The person with the most points starts. If two people tie for the highest number of points, they get to toss again.

A die from another game can be used in place of the coins.

front of each coin counts one point. The back of each coin counts two points.

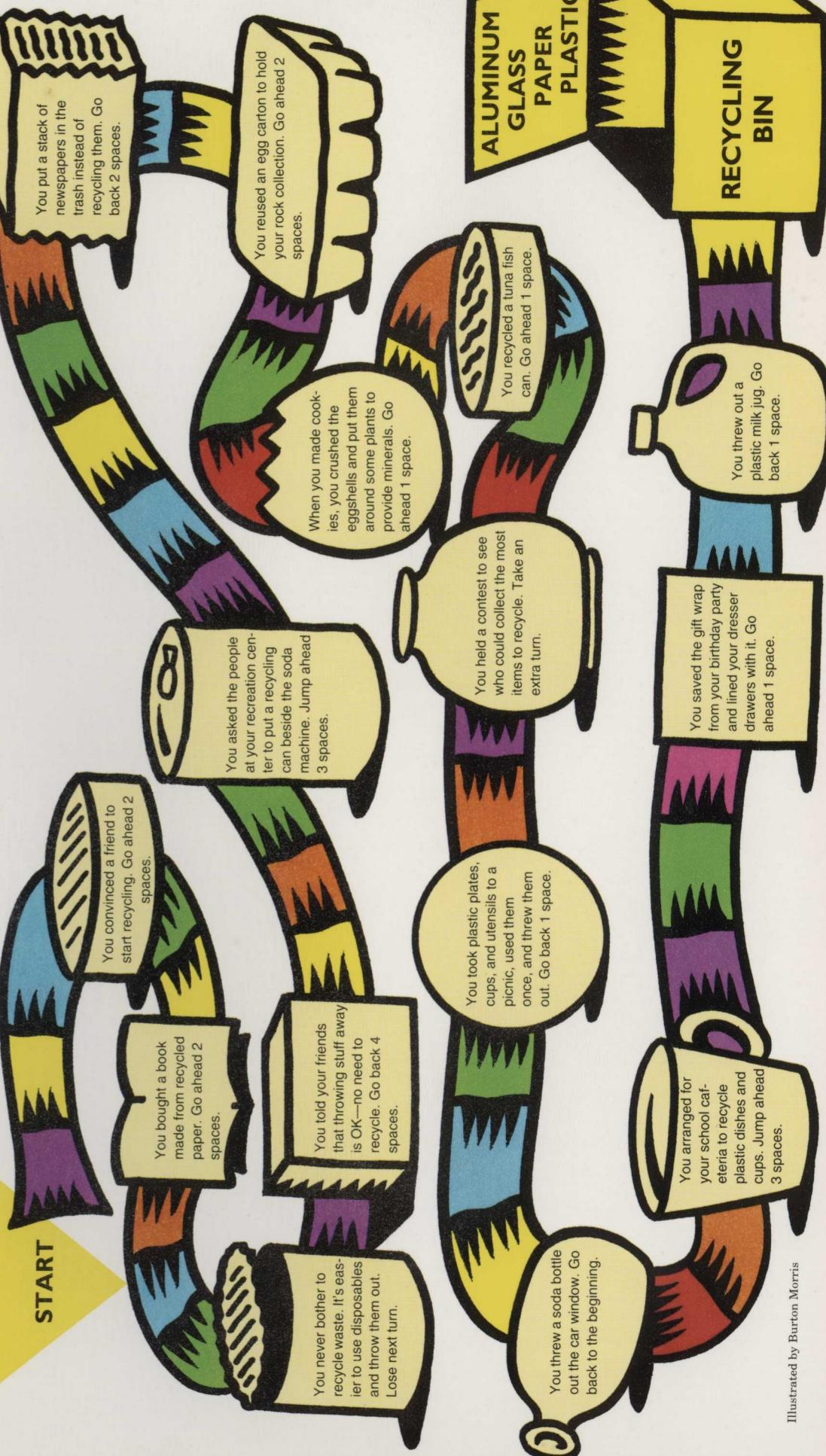
Toss the two coins into the air. When they land, add up the points. Then move your marker that number of spaces. If you land on a picture, follow the directions given. The first

Any number of people can play this game. You will need a marker for each player. Markers can be things like small buttons, or pieces of paper.

To find out how many spaces to advance around the board each turn, you will need two coins. The

By Mary Morton Cowan
START

Illustrated by Burton Morris



What's Wrong?

How many things can you find wrong in this picture?

